

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

Vol. 53.

DECEMBER, 1908.

No. 1.



After an unusual and remarkable campaign, a campaign relatively free from bitterness and objectionable personalities, the voters of the country rendered their verdict on November third. The verdict was significant from any point of view.

The people elected William H. Taft, president and James S. Sherman, vice-president. They elected a Republican House of Representatives, reducing slightly the majority of the party now in power in that body.

The states that gave their electoral votes to the successful ticket are these: California, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Minnesota, Montana, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin, West Virginia, Wyoming.

All but one of the "doubtful" states were thus carried by the Republicans, the exception being Nebraska, which gave Mr. Bryan its electoral vote, as it did in 1896. In the West generally the Democrats made gains, but not sufficient gains to overcome the Republican preponderance of recent years. In the East Mr. Bryan scarcely improved his position, the old distrust, growing out of the silver question, still manifestly clinging to him.

Highways and Byways

The great surprise of the election was the failure of the "labor vote" to make any perceptible impression on the result. Though the leaders of the American Federation of Labor, an organization with over 2,000,000 adherents or members, had urged the support of the Bryan ticket, and though hundreds of trade unions and labor papers had indorsed the Democratic candidate, the great industrial centers of the country, and especially New York and Chicago, gave Taft majorities of various sizes. The carrying of Greater New York by Taft was the most unexpected of all the notable features of the election.

It is a cause for gratification that the verdict was decisive and that the popular plurality for the Taft ticket was so large (over 1,100,000) that none of the practical politicians ventured to ascribe the outcome to corruption or coercion. The people preferred Taft to Bryan on his record and his known characteristics, and their will is law. If they had not regarded Mr. Taft as a progressive and trustworthy man they would have chosen Mr. Bryan to continue the reformatory work of the last several years. But they believed Mr. Taft's assurances and had no fear of stagnation or reaction under him. The next administration and the next Congress are definitely committed to tariff revision, to additional railroad legislation, to modernization of the trust laws, to war on political and corporate dishonesty. The struggle for popular rule and economic justice, for equality of opportunity and honest representative government, must go on, and in it the defeated candidate, Mr. Bryan, will have an important part. His great gifts will remain at the service of the people, whether he remains in private life or enters public life at some future time.

The election, in brief, indicates merely that the majority of the voters regard the Republican candidates and party as safer instruments of progress. The differences between the two great parties, as we have repeatedly said, were never less marked or less important than now. Both candidates for the presidency were able and attractive men, and to both the people listened gladly and enthusiastically. There is no repudiation of Mr. Bryan's essential political views in his third

defeat. There is no personal disgrace in it for him. The Republican party must proceed with the execution of the policies that the people have indorsed, and the aid of the minority party, or of the "opposition," should be frankly sought in that work. Honest criticism and fair discussion by a strong minority are wholesome in a republican government.



The Referendum in Maine.

It is generally supposed that the West is radical and the East conservative. It was deemed natural that Oregon and Oklahoma should adopt the initiative and referendum as checks on legislative bad faith or subserviency to special privilege, but Maine, "rock-ribbed" Republican Maine, surely would reject what many regard as "a blow to representative government." No, she has not rejected it. At her state election an amendment establishing in that state the referendum and the initiative was added to the Constitution by the remarkable vote of 51,991 to 23,712. The majority for the amendment was nearly four times the majority of the Republican candidate for governor. And this majority was given in spite of the arguments and opposition of Senator Hale, who is loved and respected by his state, and of arguments of other leading Republicans circulated as "literature" during the campaign.

In one form or another the referendum and initiative now exist in South Dakota, Illinois, Oregon, Montana, Ohio, Oklahoma, and Maine. Oregon and Oklahoma have the most advanced forms of direct popular legislation. In Ohio and Illinois there is only an advisory vote on questions of public policy. Maine has taken a middle course. Any law or statute may be suspended upon petition of ten thousand voters until the people pass upon it. No act takes effect until it is ninety days old and the voters have failed to petition for its submission. Twelve thousand voters may by petition present any bill to the Legislature and secure its submission,

Highways and Byways

and amendments to any such bill voted by the Legislature must be ratified at the polls.

The number of signatures required in either case is high, but the amendment is nevertheless a sign of "radicalism" even in the extremely conservative East. The people of Maine evidently wish to have firmer control of their agents in the Legislature. As "principals" and "sovereigns" they have the right to restrict the privileges of their representatives. The progress of direct legislation is merely a part of the movement for popular rule and popular revolt against bossism, monopoly, fraud, and corruption in politics and government.



The World's War On Tuberculosis.

Peace has its victories as well as war, and among these none are of greater moment than the victories over dreaded contagious diseases. Cholera, small pox and other plagues have lost their terror in progressive and efficiently governed countries. Russia has had a severe cholera epidemic this year, and one somewhat less severe last year, but she is notoriously misgoverned. Lack of funds, of preventive measures, of efficiency, of discipline, accounts for the rapid progress of the plague in that unhappy empire. The advanced countries are now able to protect themselves fully against cholera invasions and epidemics.

But it is different with "the white plague," consumption in its various forms. All countries suffer from it, all need greater and more systematic efforts to combat it, all feel that they are backward and remiss. It is said that the United States loses at least 160,000 lives annually through such negligence. What the whole civilized world loses, in men and in treasure, is incalculable.

The recent international congress on tuberculosis at Washington has given a great impetus to the warfare against the white plague. It was a congress of notables and leaders in medicine, in science, in hygiene, in humane and unselfish

work. It discussed every phase of the question and brought together, in an extraordinary "exhibit," an astonishing variety of models, appliances, maps, charts, data, plans, etc., as evidence and illustrations of actual or possible progress. The most dramatic feature of the congress, perhaps, was the debate on the so-called Koch theory of the essential difference between bovine tuberculosis and human, and the slight danger of human infection from the milk of tubercular cows, for example. Most of the delegates believed that Professor Koch was wrong, but he stoutly maintained his position and demanded proof. There was very little actual proof—a few doubtful cases of transmission of bovine tuberculosis to human beings. The rest consisted of suspicion, inference, analogy, fear. The advisability of practical measures to prevent "possible" infection Dr. Koch does not dispute; his interest is centered in the scientific question. And he urged his opponents to continue diligent investigation and bring proof of their position to Rome in 1911, the year of the next congress.

Aside from this, the value of the congress lay in its accentuation of the social and industrial aspects of consumption. The disease, it is now known, is curable if detected and attacked in its first stage. But the cure depends on a score of factors and conditions—living arrangements, work, food, air, climate, associations, etc. The question of preventing and curing consumption is a question for the family, the employer, the trade union, the railroad company, the charity society, the settlement, the church, the city, the county, the state and the nation. Each has its work to do in the broad field. It is necessary to build sanatoria, to provide proper food, to ventilate homes, factories, cars, and offices, to spread elementary knowledge of the subject among the masses, to insure prompt attention to incipient sufferers, to enforce health ordinances and laws for the registration of patients, and, if necessary, their isolation. It is necessary to establish dispensaries for the poor consumptives, as has been done in Boston, Chicago and elsewhere. Co-operation of many forces is imperatively required, and happily there are signs that it is growing apace. Many American states, cities and hospitals

have received medals from the congress for their excellent work in one or more of the directions just specified. And the campaign has but just begun. Not more than half a dozen years back the indifference and the ignorance, even in intelligent circles, regarding tuberculosis were profound and alarming.



The Election in Canada.

Our neighbors of the dominion voted for members of the House of Representatives on September 26, and their pro-liberal verdict was not a surprise to either of the parties. The campaign had been one "without issues," strictly speaking. That is, as matters now stand there are no vital differences between the liberals and the conservatives of Canada. A decade ago there were such differences, chiefly with regard to protection and nationalism, imperialism and tariff preferences for England. The liberal leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, was then a free trader or revenue tariff man, while the conservatives were ardent protectionists. But Laurier, made premier in 1896, gradually adopted the protective policy and has for years been a champion of national development and internal improvement. He has remained an opponent of extreme imperialism and of the schemes of tariff-union with the mother country, and on the whole his sympathies are with the British liberals. His policies and legislation, however, have deprived the conservatives, who have been out of power for twelve years, of their platform and leading issues.

In the recent campaign the liberals, with Premier Laurier at their head, pointed to the wonderful progress of the dominion in the last decade, to the great railroad and waterway projects undertaken, to the growth of manufactures and population and revenue, and to the laws for labor, old-age, etc., as arguments for keeping them in power and enabling them to complete their work. The conservatives, led by Mr. Borden, an able and vigorous man, indorsed the constructive and

reformatory work of the liberals, but went even farther in the advocacy of government regulation, social reform legislation and national development, and charged the government with extravagance, inefficiency, and weakness. Corruption had been found in some of the departments of the government, and that was largely ascribed to "spoils," favoritism, nepotism, and general laxity. In fact, the conservative campaign was made altogether an anti-spoils and anti-fraud campaign, a campaign for merit and efficiency in administration. That Sir Wilfrid was honest, patriotic, and enlightened, and that his leadership had been successful and inspiring, could not be denied; but it was urged that he could not, with advancing age, control the whole government and the office-holding class subject to it.

What the voters thought of the situation may be inferred from the results of the election. The liberals were returned to power and given another term in which to complete their work. Their majority in the House will be smaller, but for all practical purposes it will be sufficient. The work of railroad and water way extension will be continued, and in regard to the tariff preference, senate reform, control of corporations, etc., the legislation will constitute no departure from the policy of the last decade. The progress of Canada is assured and would have been in any event.



Canada's Old-Age Annuity Scheme.

As a nation Canada is very youthful, and her resources are scarcely scratched. Her population is still small, and she finds it advisable to subsidize desirable immigration. The question of old-age pensions, so vital in "mature" and overburdened countries cannot be urgent in undeveloped, expanding countries where the demand for labor exceeds the supply and wages are high.

Yet Canada has been influenced by the agitation the world over for better provision for "industrial veterans"

and for old age generally, and her parliament, after considerable study and discussion, recently passed a government bill establishing a form of old-age pensions that differs little, in principle, from the Massachusetts plan of old-age insurance through the mutual savings banks. It would be idle to argue against one scheme, adapted to one set of conditions, on the basis of another, suited to totally different conditions. But, comparisons aside, the Canadian scheme is interesting and suggestive.

Its essential object is to encourage thrift and foresight, to make the reasonably prudent man his own old-age pensioner. The government will accept payments and create an annuity fund. Annuities will not in any event be paid to persons under fifty-five, and in no circumstances will the annual amount exceed six hundred dollars to one person or married couple. The contributors may pay in the whole amount at fifty-five or any other age and become pensioners for life, or they make small annual or monthly payments into the treasury.

The government gives nothing from its own funds. It merely guarantees the pensioners' money and fair interest on it. In case of death prior to the maturing of the annuity the total paid in will be returned to the estate with three per cent interest. For cases of physical disability different provisions are made by the act.

The administrative features of the scheme are yet to be worked out and set forth. As in Massachusetts, the question is how popular the scheme will be and whether, without agency work and expensive pushing and soliciting, the majority of those most in need of old-age pensions or annuities will take advantage of the government's fund and facilities.



The Averted Crisis in the Balkans and in Europe.

Recent events in the Balkans, the storm center of Europe, have illustrated both the extreme delicacy of the diplomatic



William H. Taft, President-elect of the United States.



President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University, recently resigned.

"balance," or the apparent instability of the peace of the world, and the deep, real aversion to war on the part of the great powers. The superficial moral of the recent crisis is not the true moral. There is much vague talk of German intrigue and ambition, of dangerous hostility between England and the ruling classes of the Teutonic empire, of the imminence of a terrible conflict. Had any first-class power desired war, it certainly could have found a cause or pretext for it in the sudden moral and political disturbance which the anti-Turkish steps of Bulgaria and Austria precipitated early in October. One imprudent act, one aggressive utterance, and a clash of arms would have become inevitable. The situation was full of peril; inflammable material, so to speak, lay on every hand; suspicion, fear, jealousy, resentment and like emotions had abundant scope. Yet the desire for peace was so strong that the dreaded explosion was averted and the obstacles to a reasonable solution of the problem were overcome one by one with patience and skill.

There is much to regret and deplore in the events in question, but even their most unfortunate phases have tended to emphasize the world's progress toward peace, national restraint and reasonableness in foreign policy.

It is a great pity and an instance of the irony of fate that Turkey should have suffered in prestige just when her constitutional and progressive forces were seeking to reform the abuses of the old regime of tyranny, persecution, fanaticism, and corruption, and to establish toleration, equal rights, and honest, just administration. No one believes that Bulgaria would have proclaimed her absolute independence, or Austria the complete incorporation and annexation of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, if the revolution had not taken place and the "Sick Man" of Europe had not given signs of recovery. In fact, it is the announced desire of the new, the reformed Turkey to recombine and consolidate its territories, harmonize racial differences, grant autonomy and liberty to all, that alarmed Bulgaria and Austria. They realized that they must strike while the conditions were still chaotic, and that a reformed Turkey would be a strong Turkey.

That assaults on the territorial integrity and the sovereign rights of Turkey might discredit the constitutional cabinet and the whole reform movement, encourage reaction and fanaticism, was a consideration those powers did not permit to influence them. "Business is business," evidently, and liberty and reform must not interfere with schemes of self-aggrandizement. Happily, at this writing there is no reason to think that Turkey will again lose her constitution as she lost one because of the war with Russia in the seventies of the last century. Her present guides and rulers are evidently sagacious, reasonable, and enlightened statesmen. They say that Turkey has enough territory and more than a sufficiency of racial and sectional conflicts to occupy her attention, and that she does not want war with any power, great or small. She does, however, expect some compensation, moral and material, for the losses so suddenly and lawlessly inflicted upon her. In Bulgaria the political change of status is merely a "paper" change. Bulgaria has been independent since the Congress of Berlin in 1877, and the suzerainty of the Sultan was nominal. She has paid no tribute, and has enjoyed perfect autonomy. But the Proclamation of Independence was a violation of the Treaty of Berlin and raised a question of international good faith, of the value of agreements, of the moral authority of the concert of Europe. Moreover, Bulgaria had seized a section of the Oriental Railroad running through Eastern Roumelia, part of her territory, and had refused to surrender it to its rightful owner, the Turkish Government. For this compensation must be given, and doubtless will be.

As for Austria, her annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, provinces which the Congress of Berlin put under her jurisdiction to administer as trustee in the interest of order, security and justice, was altogether unwarranted. It was a gross violation of the treaty and an outrage on the population of the provinces. Reformed Turkey would have given them autonomy, which they would have preferred to Austrian domination. What intrigue and trickery had prepared the actions of the two states no one knows. The world was

certainly startled by them, and even Germany protested that she had not expected or known of the double "coup." At any rate, all the powers at once realized that to prevent strife and bloodshed, with the probable reopening of the whole question of the Turk in Europe and the division of his possessions there, another congress of the powers was necessary, as well as a revision of the mutilated and torn treaty of Berlin. The holding of such a congress was not free from danger, but neither was the alternative, for Servia, Albania, Montenegro, Greece, Crete, Macedonia, and neighboring principalities, states, or provinces were belligerent and angry, and some of them were clamoring for invasion of Austria and the "rescue" of the provinces.

After much hesitation and private negotiation the decision to summon a congress was reached by England, France, and Russia, but there are obstacles yet to overcome, and the idea may be modified or abandoned. Delicate and perilous questions will be carefully avoided by the powers; no attempt will be made to undo what has been done; but every effort will be made to adjust matters and allay apprehension.



China's New Rulers and Her Future

Kipling's famous line, "The East is East and the West is West," must have come to the mind of many when they read the first news from Peking telling of the death of the young emperor and the fatal illness of the empress dowager, the masterful and remarkable woman who had controlled the destinies of the great empire, either as the power behind the throne or as the actual ruler, for about half a century. There was a strange, mysterious, suspicious atmosphere about the whole situation, and the suspicion was not relieved by the subsequent announcement of the death of the empress. In fact, there were and are rumors of "foul play," of poison, of court plots, and so on.

The great outside world, however, is concerned with the essential facts, and they are dramatic enough. Two figures are gone. Kwang-Hsu, the late emperor, was not a man of force and capacity, though at one time, in 1898, he displayed liberal leanings, summoned progressive mandarins and inaugurated a reform movement that was to affect the political, economic, judicial and social conditions of China. His weakness, however, was such that he could not even save the lives of his friends and servants, and the empress dowager, Tsze-Hsi-An, beheaded or otherwise got rid of them and took the reins of power out of his hands. Reaction reigned for a time, but finally the logic of events compelled her to accept the advice of more progressive statesmen and to authorize gradual changes. Early in November she celebrated her seventy-third birthday anniversary, and demonstrations in her honor were held all over China. She seemed in good health and spirits. Only a few weeks before she had issued or sanctioned the issue of a so-called constitution, with a preamble and bill of rights. Her death was sudden and unexpected, and her disappearance from the scene of Chinese diplomacy and politics is an event of historic importance. She had, however, issued decrees naming Prince Chun, a brother of the late emperor, a man of promise and culture, regent and his infant son heir presumptive. Thus the Manchu dynasty will continue to rule, and no momentous departure is to be looked for, unless rebellion and civil war break out. The liberal element seems dominant at present, and though the regent is more amiable than strong, he is credited with an earnest desire to continue the reform policies of his late brother and of the more enlightened mandarins and counsellors.

Reverting to the recent "constitution," reports regarding the intention of the Peking court to grant representative and constitutional government to the people of the "celestial empire" have been frequent since the termination of the war in Manchuria, but they have been vague and perplexing. In the West they have received little if any credence, though all realize that there is a mental and moral stir in the "unchanging empire," and that Westernization is gradually taking place

there. It appears, however, that the talk of constitutional government now rests on a more tangible and trustworthy basis.

The constitution promulgated in September, and its preamble—a rhetorical, lengthy, confused tissue of words and promises—definitely state that in nine years the empire is to have a parliament, a ministry with a premier at its head, and a truly constitutional form of government. The transition is to begin at once, for a program is mapped out which should make the intervening years busy and strenuous ones. Each year is to see some reforms, some steps toward the goal, and the current year is to witness the revision of the criminal code, the reorganization of the finances, and the election of local assemblymen. The government, indeed, with oriental extravagance, assures the people of “boundless daily improvement” henceforth.

The constitution includes a bill of rights that must startle the natives, though it is peculiarly worded and may not mean much in actual operation. The same may be said of every other part of the strange document. This much alone is certain—that the government, of its own motion, has solemnly and formally pledged itself to establish constitutional government in nine years and to go about the task immediately.

Whether the ruling classes of the empire have surrendered to the modern spirit and will permit the gradual transformation promised, or whether there will be further attempts at nullification and reaction, the next year or two should answer positively. The West remains dubious and skeptical, but is quite willing to be pleasantly surprised.



Note and Comment

Between September 8 and 12 last an International Pure Food Congress was held in Geneva, Switzerland, at which were delegates representing thirty-two governments. Many interesting addresses were given by prominent men, the emphasis being laid upon the necessity of securing commercial purity of foods, not absolute chemical purity which is usually attainable only in theory.

The French suffragettes threaten to petition parliament to be allowed to enter military service. Military service is but a logical extension of woman's rights, asserts one of the leaders, and the training should prove invaluable in future contests for the franchise.



The German Kaiser, like a modern Cassandra, seems to be fated to have his most heartfelt assertions doubted by his neighbors. Certainly his vehement pleas for international peace are constantly regarded as hypocritical by the great European rivals of Germany. France professes to see a Machiavellian purpose in each noble sentiment to which he gives expression and a large part of the English press is equally cynical. The English attitude has recently stirred the Kaiser to warm protest, by means of an interview with an English diplomat.

Protesting anew his ardent desire for the most amicable relations with England the Kaiser took occasion to discuss his attitude during the Boer War. Far from sympathizing with the Boers the Kaiser asserts he used his influence to prevent a coalition of France and Russia against England. Further, he even went so far as to send his grandmother, the late Queen Victoria, a proposed plan for the conduct of the South African campaign which he and his military advisers had framed. This plan, says the Kaiser, was very similar to that adopted by Lord Roberts shortly afterwards, the implication being that Lord Roberts was indebted to the Kaiser for his general plan of attack.

This interview instead of pacifying English sentiment served only to inflame it. Patriotic Englishmen were up in arms at the bare suggestion that Lord Roberts' success was due in any part to other than his own military genius. The Anglo-German relations have therefore been anything but improved by the Kaiser's latest efforts to assume the rôle of European pacifier.





Armies the Real Promoters of Peace.*

By Colonel William Conant Church

Editor of The Army and Navy Journal.

THE question of peace or war is one that so vitally concerns the prosperity and even the very existence of a nation that it would seem to be the bounden duty of every citizen to study with intelligence and candor, and without prejudice, the facts concerning war and the means of avoiding war. The horrors of war are sufficiently appalling to make it difficult to understand why anyone should wish to exaggerate them, as has been done by the "Universal Peace Society," in a pamphlet containing an article copied from the Springfield Republican (Mass.) published some time ago and since circulated to the extent of many thousands. In this article we are told that 40,000 men lay dead and dying on the field of Gettysburg, —a foolish as well as false statement, for a reference to the nearest encyclopaedia would show that the total number killed and mortally wounded on both sides during the three days' fight at Gettysburg was much less than one fourth of the 40,000. It is difficult to say whether statements such as this, and others equally misleading and mischievous coming from the professional advocates of peace-at-any-price, are the result of an ignorance which discredits the intelligence of

*Of the earlier articles of this series, "The European Equilibrium and the Peace of the World," by Victor S. Yarros, appeared in the September CHAUTAUQUAN; "Danger Points Around the Globe," by Victor S. Yarros, October; "The Story of the Peace Movement," by Benjamin F. Trueblood, November.

Friendship of Nations

their authors or of a deliberate attempt to mislead. One constantly repeated statement of like character, and one involving the crime of libel as well as carrying the sting of malice, is to the effect that wars are provoked by military men to promote their own advantage. Though the proof of this statement has been repeatedly challenged, not one single fact has been cited by anyone in support of it, while the record evidence of its cruel injustice is overwhelming. An association of nearly half a century in war and in peace, on terms of intimate personal acquaintance, with nearly all the great soldiers and sailors who during that period have borne our flag aloft, qualifies the writer to bear testimony on this subject. In no single instance has he ever heard one of these patriotic men express any other sentiment than that of repugnance to war and a sincere desire to prevent it.

Witness the establishment of friendly relations with Japan by our navy under Perry; witness the terms and the circumstances of the surrender at Appomattox and the subsequent settlement by Grant, the author of the Appomattox Treaty, of difficulties with England which seemed to have in them the almost certain threat of war. Grant's action after the surrender at Vicksburg, in ordering his bands to play "Old Hundred" so that the vanquished might join with the victors in song; Captain "Jack" Phillips's action at Santiago, in telling his sailors to cease cheering in the presence of the humiliated and dying Spaniards; these, and like incidents which might be multiplied indefinitely, declare the spirit which actuates our fighting men, a spirit which, if it were universal, would prevent the wars which arise from the rivalries of commerce, the aspirations of national growth and the antagonisms of diplomacy, for all of which the civilian is solely responsible. The demon of war cannot be exorcised as the Chinese deal with their dragons, by sounding drums and beating tom-toms, and the foolish conception that we are to prevent war by denouncing everything in the nature of preparation for war is of this nature. Friendly interchanges between nations and treaties of arbitration cannot prevent war. It needs but a word to turn the dearest friends into mortal enemies, and paper agree-

ments can be torn up whenever they interfere with national or dynastic aspirations, as has been shown recently in the case of the treaty of Berlin.

How, then, can we avoid war? The military men are agreed in declaring, as Washington did in his day, that the best security against war is preparation for war, and experience would seem to show that they are right. The comparative prolongation of the periods of peace has been contemporaneous with the adoption of the idea of universal militia training. For the substitution of nations in arms for the former system of an army of hired soldiers we are indebted to the people instead of to their rulers; just as we are in a sense indebted to the people for the creation of standing armies in place of the still worse feudal system of the middle ages. The crowning of Charles VII. at Rheims as the result of the popular movement under Joan of Arc was the prelude to the creation by Charles of the first standing army, and it was the French Convention created by the Revolution which in 1798 went so far as to declare that every citizen should be a soldier and every soldier a citizen, thus establishing the present continental system of universal military service: a principle whose application is certainly as old as the time of David, in whose military organization of the Kingdom of Israel will be found not only the germ but the full development of the French and German systems of today. These systems establish authority upon the secure foundation of citizenship, and not that of special privilege, as in the days of feudalism. A nation trained to arms can never be made the unresisting victim of the merely personal interests and ambitions of a ruler as in former days.

In the countries where universal service prevails it is held that military duty is the discharge of a debt due to the State; hence the pay the soldier receives is merely nominal. Thus the exaction of compulsory service relieves the treasury of a country like Germany of the heavy charge made against our military treasury for pay, superior rations and accommodations, and for pensions, which we require to tempt the recruit. Germany obtains its immense, and its immensely effective army for a sum not at all in proportion to what ours costs us.

Friendship of Nations

If we include the appropriation for pensions the cost of the German army and navy is less than our own.

The contests of war are now between armed nations and not between monarchs; they are provoked by national aspirations and not by dynastic ambitions. The enormous economic changes involved in a war between nations, and the direct personal interest each citizen has in the question whether or not he shall risk his life on the field of battle, creates an enormous conservative interest in favor of peace. The extent to which the people of the continental nations are interested in the maintenance of peace or war is indicated by the table which follows, showing the military establishments of twenty-two of the principal nations, the number of guns they have ready for service and the term of service in each nation or of liability to service. Military service is voluntary in Great Britain, including India, in the United States, and in China. In Belgium, Holland, Mexico, Norway, and Sweden it is part by conscription and part voluntary. In the other countries mentioned in the table service is compulsory. The term of service, or liability to service, is shown in the last column where A = Active armies; R = Reserve; L‡ = Landwehr or Territorial army; L|| = Landsturm or Territorial reserve.

Nation	Peace	War	Guns (Approximate Number)	Term of Service or Liability		Total
	Footing	Footing		Years		
Austria	409,000	2,234,000	1,912	3 A + 7 R + 2 L‡ + 10 L		22
Belgium	49,909	143,000	204	8 A + 5 R		13
Bulgaria	57,720	205,000	462	2 or 3 A + 8 or 6 R + 7 L‡ + 8 or 9 L		25
China	About	100,000	trained men			
Denmark	14,000	50,000	96	4 or 1½ A + 7½ or 6½ R + 8 L‡		16
France	604,350	2,516,000	3,720	3 A + 10 R + 6 L‡ + 6 L		26
Great Britain	132,500	739,045	1,194	7 or 8 A + 5 or 4 R, 3 A + 9 R		12
India	146,645	222,219	336	From 3 years upward for natives.		
Germany	617,000	3,260,000	4,524	2 or 3 A + 4 R + 5 L‡ + 16 L		26
Greece	22,104	82,000	120	2 A + 8 R + 8 L‡ + 10 L		28
Holland	27,366	68,000	120	1 A + 1 R + 3 L‡ + 10 L		30
Italy	284,823	3,330,000	1,726	2 to 5 A + 7 or 4 R + 10 L‡		19
Japan	220,000	800,000	684	3 A + 4 R + 10 L‡ + 13 L		23
Mexico	29,904	146,500	96			30
Norway	30,900	80,000	66	50 days A + 6 R + 6 L‡ + 4 L		16
Roumania	63,280	173,948	366	3 A + 6 R + 5 L‡ + 4 L		18
Russia	1,200,000	4,000,000	5,000	4 A + 13 R + 5 L‡		22
Spain	119,432	500,000	408	3 A + 3 R + 6 L‡		12
Sweden	37,200	570,000	240	68 days or 3 years A + 8 R + 4 L‡ + 8 L		20
Switzerland	20,122	526,105	288	4 A + 11½ R + 12 L‡ + 6 L		30
Turkey	375,000	1,150,700	1,356	4 A + 2 R + 8 L‡ + 6 L		20
United States	83,286	188,286	504	3 A		3

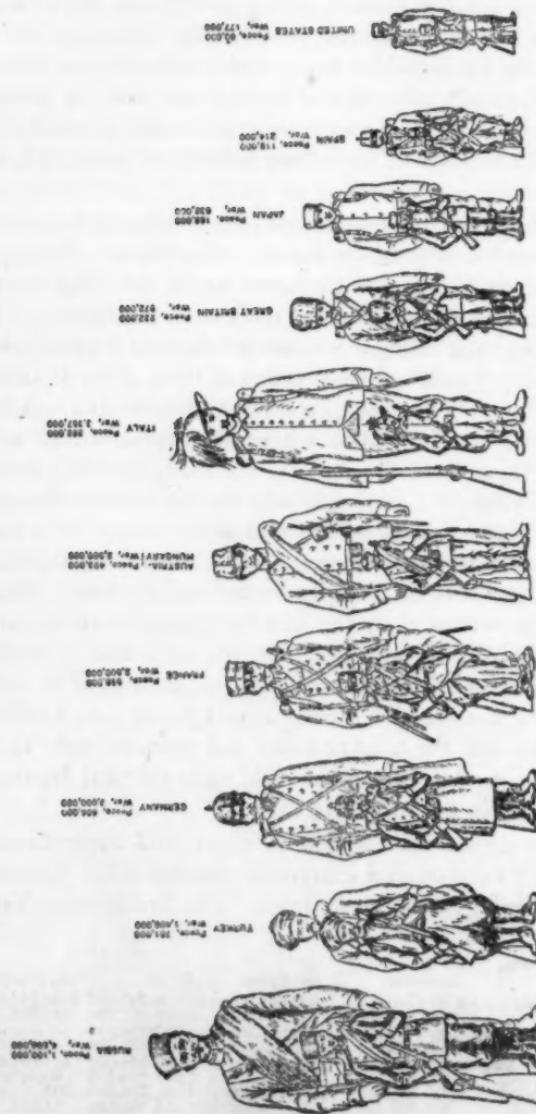
A more graphic showing of the actual and the relative strength of ten great nations is found in the illustration which follows, (page 24) for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the *Scientific American*. It will be observed that the United States comes in at the foot of the class, which is headed by Russia, with its force of some four millions of men available for war.

In 1867 Japan had only 10,000 men in arms, and no regular army until shortly before the war with Russia. Its rapid transformation into a military power of the first rank seems to have escaped the attention of the Russian authorities, the reports brought by military attachés previous to the war being disregarded. Russia's estimate before the war of the Japanese army was 141,573 for the peace establishment and 358,809 men for war, or, with 50,000 untrained reserves, a little over 400,000. Japan actually put into the field, according to the estimate of General Kuropatkin, who commanded the Russian armies in Manchuria, a million and a half men. This estimate is based on the statement of General Kipke, chief medical inspector of the Japanese army, that the losses of that army in the war were 47,387 killed, 173,425 wounded, and 334,073 disabled by sickness. Of the sick and wounded 320,000 were sent from Manchuria to Japan. The total deaths from wounds and disease were 136,269. As General Kipke states that the 220,812 killed and wounded were 14.58 per cent. of the whole force, this would make the total Japanese force engaged in the war 1,514,485.

A comparison of national revenues and expenditures, national debts and interest charges on national debts, is shown in the following table taken from "The Statesman's Year Book" for 1908:

	Revenue.	Expenditure.	Debt.	Debt Charge.
Austria-Hungary	\$ 835,725,000	\$ 800,455,000	\$3,159,240,000	\$134,742,500
France	766,844,450	766,765,050	6,069,617,950	247,293,500
Germany	598,827,500	596,817,500	885,875,000	34,361,750
Great Britain	574,070,365	697,076,255	3,870,823,520	142,500,000
Italy	401,974,350	396,551,550	2,654,334,000	113,037,500
Japan	247,352,350	247,402,400	1,275,335,705	85,618,000
Russia	1,789,749,500	1,713,438,500	4,591,774,500	202,189,300
United States	665,306,134	578,360,592	858,685,510	24,482,524
	\$5,879,849,640	\$5,796,866,847	\$23,364,686,185	\$994,225,074

Friendship of Nations



Peace and War Footing of the Armies of the World.

Copyright, 1904, by Munn & Co. Reproduced through the courtesy of the *Scientific American*.

The annual expenditures in the Imperial budget of Great Britain are as follows:

United Kingdom	£139,415,251
India	75,026,000
European colonies	576,360
Asiatic colonies	6,575,330
Australia and Pacific	34,151,500
New Zealand and Dependencies	42,170,000
African colonies	2,500,080
 Local Expenditures:	
England and Wales	£139,118,631
Scotland	17,651,753
Ireland	6,956,583
 Grand Total	
	£464,741,488

This is a grand total in American money of \$2,323,707,440 for the Imperial expenses and the expenditures of the various colonial components of the British Empire. The Military and Naval expenditures, including those of India, Canada, and other British colonies, are \$296,495,000, or twelve and eight tenths (12.8) per cent. of the whole expenditure for the British realm.

Calculating on the same basis, we find that the imperial expenses of Germany are \$687,514,000 annually. To this are to be added the expenditures of each of the fourteen states composing the German Empire, in all \$1,006,043,203. Adding this to imperial expenditures we have a grand total of \$1,693,557,203. The expenditures for the Army and Navy are in all \$264,488,000, which is fifteen and six-tenths (15.6) per cent. of the cost of governing the entire Empire of Germany for the defence of which this Army and Navy are provided.

Coming to the United States, we have the following figures:

Federal expenses	\$578,003,748
State Governments	292,000,000
Municipal Governments	572,060,111
 Grand Total	
Cost of Army	97,128,076
Cost of Navy	99,267,097
Expended by States for Militia, about	5,000,000
 Total Cost of Army and Navy	
	\$201,395,173

From this it appears that the total expenditures of this country for the Military and Naval establishments is a little less than fourteen per cent. of the total cost of government, and these figures include the municipal expenditures of only 154 out of the 923 incorporated places in the United States.

Friendship of Nations

having 5,000 inhabitants or more, and exclude altogether a class of towns having from 5,000 to 14,000 inhabitants each, of which there are seventy-one in New England alone. We are not able to say what municipal expenses in Germany, if any, are not included in this calculation.

These are days of large figures, and the \$200,000,000 spent for our Army and Navy will seem a less formidable total when we remember that four railroads, the Pennsylvania, the Long Island, the New Haven, the New York Central, are expending \$170,000,000 in improving their approaches to the single city of New York and that the city itself is expecting to provide \$161,000,000 for a new water supply, \$175,000,000 for new subways and \$80,500,000 for new bridges and tunnels. Adding this to the railroad expenses and the \$100,000,000 voted for the enlargement of the Erie Canal to increase the commercial facilities of New York, we have in round figures, \$786,500,000 for improvements centering in a single city, or enough to provide for either the Navy or Army for eight years and for both over four years. The property owned by the city of New York is valued at three times the cost of our present Navy, and the amount expended by that city on public undertakings in 1907 would build and equip eleven battleships.

A British Admiralty return gives the naval expenditure of seven nations for the last three years, as follows, translating pounds sterling into dollars at the rate of five dollars to the pound sterling.

	1906-1907.	1907-1908.	1908-1909.
Great Britain.....	\$157,390,435	\$157,097,500	\$161,597,500
France.....	65,016,190	62,433,945	63,986,540
Russia.....	62,452,220	44,251,200	49,169,575
Germany.....	60,029,355	68,119,620	82,982,805
Italy.....	26,610,770	28,309,110	31,330,955
United States.....	102,167,670	98,913,648	122,662,485
Japan.....	19,761,555	42,241,110	40,474,420
Totals.....	\$493,398,195	\$501,366,153	\$452,204,290

The amounts voted for new construction and armament are as follows:

	1906-1907.	1907-1908.	1908-1909.
Great Britain.....	\$54,297,500	\$46,135,000	\$43,301,010
France.....	28,511,335	25,662,470	26,578,950
Russia.....	22,882,915	14,231,340	13,518,605
Germany.....	26,712,330	31,426,125	41,832,190
Italy.....	6,811,035	6,990,565	9,331,790
United States.....	43,003,870	33,918,525	38,994,075
Japan.....	3,762,975	16,166,490	14,839,590
Totals.....	\$165,981,960	\$174,530,505	\$188,306,210

The classification of the great navies of the world according to strength is determined by factors as to the relative importance of which naval experts are not wholly agreed. Number of vessels, or guns, or guns and vessels together, is not necessarily the chief factor. Speed, armor and armament, coal endurance, are other elements that enter into the calculation. Each naval constructor seeks for the best possible compromise between the different elements to be considered in securing the highest possible efficiency. The displacement being determined, he must decide how this is to be distributed among the several factors. Taking a small cruiser for illustration, say one of 2,650 tons: 1,250 tons are required in the hull, 450 tons for machinery, 300 tons for coal, 175 tons for armament, 210 tons for the protective deck, 75 tons for the cables, anchors, boats, masts, etc., 100 tons being reserved for officers, men and their effects, with provisions, water and other stores, leaving a margin of 20 tons for security.

The rapid depreciation in relative military value of warships due to the many improvements constantly being made in material introduces a further complication into the comparison of navies. Some ships built even ten years ago have depreciated in military value one half, and others twenty years old seventy-five per cent. In general, the ships of the navies of the United States, Germany, and Japan, being largely of recent construction, have a greater average value than those of older navies. England recently, at one stroke, reduced her navy by 100 vessels sent to the auctioneer's block.

Taking all the factors into consideration, the general conclusion of experts is that navies rank in the following order: British, American, German, Japanese, French, Italian, Austro-Hungarian, Russian. Jane, in the volume of his "Fighting Ships" for 1908, publishes the accompanying table on which he bases his conclusion that the navies are to be ranked in the order named. It will be observed that, taking the Dreadnought as the unit of value, Mr. Jane assigns to each class a certain percentage of that unit, according to his estimate of the relative value of the ships of that class.

Friendship of Nations

Row.	BRITISH.	U.S.	GERMAN.	JAPANESE.	FRENCH.	ITALIAN.	AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN.	RUSSIAN. (Baltic Sea & Black Sea)
I.	1 NEW ('11) 2 ST. VINCENT ('10) 3 TENERIFE ('09) 4 BRAZIL ('08) 5 LONDON ('07) 6 LORD NELSON ('06)	2 DELAWARE ('11) 3 NEW ('10) 4 NEW ('09) 5 NASSAU ('08)	3 NEW ('11) 1 NEW ('10) 2 NEW ('09) 3 SATSUMA ('08)	3 NEW ('11) 1 NEW ('10) 2 NEW ('09)	3 NEW ('11) 1 NEW ('10) 2 NEW ('09)	3 NEW ('11) 1 NEW ('10) 2 NEW ('09)	3 NEW ('11) 1 NEW ('10) 2 NEW ('09)	3 NEW ('11) 1 NEW ('10) 2 NEW ('09)
II.	7 KANSAS ('08) 8 KANSAS ('07) 9 LOUISIANA ('06) 10 NEW JERSEY ('05) 11 IOWA ('04)	7 KANSAS ('08) 8 KANSAS ('07) 9 LOUISIANA ('06) 10 NEW JERSEY ('05) 11 IOWA ('04)	7 KANSAS ('08) 8 KANSAS ('07) 9 LOUISIANA ('06) 10 NEW JERSEY ('05) 11 IOWA ('04)	2 KASHIMA ('10) 3 Crissey ('10) 3 Gotoh ('11)	4 LIBERTÉ ('10) 2 REPUBLIQUE ('10)	3 TEGERTHOF ('10)	3 TEGERTHOF ('10)	3 TEGERTHOF ('10)
III.	12 QUEEN ('11) 13 LONDON ('11) 14 FORMIDABLE ('11) 15 DUNCAN ('11) 16 Minotaur ('10) 17 Warrior ('09) 18 Black Prince ('08)	12 QUEEN ('11) 13 LONDON ('11) 14 FORMIDABLE ('11) 15 DUNCAN ('11) 16 Minotaur ('10) 17 Warrior ('09) 18 Black Prince ('08)	12 QUEEN ('11) 13 LONDON ('11) 14 FORMIDABLE ('11) 15 DUNCAN ('11) 16 Minotaur ('10) 17 Warrior ('09) 18 Black Prince ('08)	5 DEUTSCHLAND ('10) 5 HEAUSZWEG ('10)	1 MIKASA ('09) 1 SHIKISHIMA ('09) 1 IWAMI ('09) 1 IJIZEN ('09) 1 TAKAO ('09)	4 V. EMANUEL ('09) 2 SH. GREGORIE ('09) 3 SH. GREGORIE ('09)	3 SLAVA ('09) 1 TESAKOVITCH ('09) (ESTATE) (1 PANTELION) River	3 SLAVA ('09) 1 TESAKOVITCH ('09) (ESTATE) (1 PANTELION) River
IV.	19 MAJESTIC ('08) 20 CANOPUS ('07)	19 MAJESTIC ('08) 20 CANOPUS ('07)	19 MAJESTIC ('08) 20 CANOPUS ('07)	3 ALABAMA ('08)	1 FUJI ('08) 1 SAGAMI ('08) 1 ISUWO ('08)	3 CHARLEMAGNE ('08) 1 Rama ('08)	3 E. KARL ('08)	3 E. KARL ('08)
V.	21 GOVERNESS ('07) 22 ROAD ('06) 23 CROWN ('05) 24 TIRAPALAM ('04)	21 GOVERNESS ('07) 22 ROAD ('06) 23 CROWN ('05) 24 TIRAPALAM ('04)	21 GOVERNESS ('07) 22 ROAD ('06) 23 CROWN ('05) 24 TIRAPALAM ('04)	5 WITTELSBACH ('06) 1 KASAR ('06)	1 TANGO ('06) 2 BOUQUET ('06) 2 BOUQUET ('06)	2 BOUQUET ('06) 2 BOUQUET ('06)	2 ST. BON ('06)	2 ST. BON ('06)
VI.	25 DANDOL ('05) 26 Powerful ('04)	25 DANDOL ('05) 26 Powerful ('04)	25 DANDOL ('05) 26 Powerful ('04)	4 ARKANSAS ('04)	2 BRANDENBURG ('04) 1 KASAR ('04)	2 BRANDENBURG ('04) 1 KASAR ('04)	3 DANOLD ('04) 1 KASAR ('04)	3 DANOLD ('04) 1 KASAR ('04)
VII.	27 KANGAROO ('03) 28 Australia ('02)	27 KANGAROO ('03) 28 Australia ('02)	27 KANGAROO ('03) 28 Australia ('02)	3 WIES ('03) 1 KARL VI ('03)	3 WIES ('03) 1 KARL VI ('03)	3 WIES ('03) 1 KARL VI ('03)	3 WIES ('03) 1 KARL VI ('03)	3 WIES ('03) 1 KARL VI ('03)

Promoters of Peace

29

Name.	BRITISH.		U.S.		GERMAN.		JAPANESE.		FRENCH.		ITALIAN.		AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN.		RUSSIAN	
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
VI.	1 MERCYON 2 GRAFTON 10 Monmouth		2 St. Louis 1 Brooklyn 1 New York		2 Ross 2 P. Adair 1 P. Hinrich		2 MINOURA 2 MARCEAU 1 HOCHE 1 JEANNE d'Arc 3 REQUIN 1 FUREUX		2 FORMIDABLE 2 MARCEAU 1 HOCHE 1 JEANNE d'Arc 3 REQUIN 1 FUREUX		3 BARDEZIA					1 Rumania (2 Tschernia)
VII.	8 Dido		1 TEXAS 1 MONTREAL				1 CHINEN 1 MONTREAL		2 COURBET 2 LEFANTO 2 D'Entrecasteaux		2 LEFANTO 2 Carlo Alberto		1 E. & K. M. Throssin			
VII-VIII.	15		1 PUFFIN		2 EUDIE 6 HAGIEN 5 Herts		1 IKI		1 Duguay de Léon 1 Puffin		1 Mervi Poco					
VIII.	10		1 Olympia 2 New Orleans		1 K. Augusto		1 FUD 1 Ryon 1 Sagami 2 Sagami 2 Mikasa 1 Mikasa		2 Chateaubriant 1 Chateaubriant 1 J. de Gravier		2 K. F. Josef		2 Bouvet (F. K. K.)* 1 Anthon			
V.	8		3 Exocet 3 Hormuz 3 S. G. Scott 3 Gladiator						4 D'Entrecasteaux 5 Fries							
VI.	6		8 Harbin		2 Columbia				2 Tone 1 Fries		6 Zara		1 P. Ancre			
VII.	12.	9 Apollo 1 Valiant		5 Chantier							3 Zenta 1 Adriatic		1 Korcula			
VIII.	3		6 Pardessus		3 Constanti 3 Detroit 4 S. Peters		3 Seven (10)		1 Sintoye 2 D'Entrecasteaux 1 D'Entrecasteaux 1 D'Entrecasteaux 1 D'Entrecasteaux 1 D'Entrecasteaux 1 D'Entrecasteaux 1 D'Entrecasteaux		3 Lante 2 D'Entrecasteaux		5 Szentimre 1 Pansante 1 Oklava 4 Sosna		1 Tschernia 1 D'Entrecasteaux	
IX.	4		4 Tigris		8 Olympia 10 Pocahontas											
X.	6															

Fleets of the Great Powers, in order of importance, arranged in Parallels of fighting Value with the
Dreadnought as Unit.

Friendship of Nations

The *Scientific American* publishes the following table showing the vessels of the principal navies on June 1, 1907:

A, battleships*;	B, armored cruisers;	C, cruisers†;	D, destroyers;
E, torpedo boats;	F, submarines;	G, coast defense vessels‡.	
England.....	52	32	90
France.....	19	19	28
United States.....	22	10	41
Germany.....	22	8	38
Japan.....	11	11	19
Russia.....	5	4	15
Italy.....	10	6	11
Austria.....	3	3	5
	A. B. C. D. E. F. G.		
	52 32 90 142 47 39 0		
	19 19 28 35 257 41 12		
	22 10 41 16 32 12 11		
	22 8 38 60 48 1 8		
	11 11 19 54 77 7 3		
	5 4 15 93 57 25 4		
	10 6 11 13 66 3 6		
	3 3 5 4 36 0 6		

*Battleships, first class, are those of (about) 10,000 tons or more displacement.

†Includes all unarmored cruising vessels above 1,000 tons displacement.

‡Includes smaller battleships and monitors. No more vessels of this class are being proposed or built by the great powers.

The navy of the United States has, since our war with Spain, rapidly advanced to the second place, from an inferiority which would exclude it altogether from the above table showing the relative strength of the principal navies. It will be remembered that at the time of that war foreign experts, by elaborate calculations, showed that our navy was inferior to that of Spain, which is too insignificant to appear in Mr. Jane's table. In 1881 we had in our navy 47 screw propellers and 6 other steam vessels; 24 ironclads, including monitors; 2 torpedo boats and 25 tugs. Of this total of 139 only 57 were in efficient service. The number of guns was 1,033. We had altogether 9,538 officers and men in the Navy, besides 1,577 in the Marine Corps. In November, 1907, we had 294 vessels, not including 29 under construction and 12 unfit for service. The total number of officers and men was 35,377, besides 8,316 in the Marine Corps.

In 1880 the total tonnage of armored ships of European nations was estimated by Chief Engineer King, U. S. N., at 1,014,500 tons, of which Great Britain had 317,000 tons. Now, including battleships, 825,630 tons, armored cruisers, 443,400 tons, and protected cruisers, 453,850 tons, Great Britain has 1,722,880 tons of vessels bearing armor, the armor being from two to three times as effective as the compound and wrought iron armor of the earlier period.

But a comparison of numbers gives no idea of the immense increase in strength due to the improvement in ships, guns and

powder, while to this is to be added the improvement in marksmanship, and in the case of our navy the great gain in skill in handling of ships and supplies resulting from the voyage of the Atlantic fleet around the world. The rapid increase in gun fire is shown by the comparison which follows and for which we are also indebted to the *Scientific American*. It shows the total energy of gun fire in five minutes of the United States battleship Oregon in 1897 and in the United States battleship Rhode Island ten years later, in 1907. This five-fold increase in energy is due largely to the greatly increased rapidity of fire, resulting from improved mechanism for handling and maneuvering the guns and to the greater attention now paid to the training of the gunners. The totals are calculated upon the number of carefully-aimed shots which each gun could deliver under battle conditions and not upon the extraordinary rapidity which has been obtained by crack gun crews in target practice. A comparison of the present British Dreadnought with the Dreadnought of thirty-six years ago shows that the destructive power of the modern ship is nearly one hundred times that of the old vessel.

Oregon in 1897.			Rhode Island in 1907.		
Guns.	Muzzle Energy in Ft.-Tons.	Muzzle Energy in Five Minutes' Firing. Ft.-Tons.	Guns.	Muzzle Energy. Ft.-Tons.	Muzzle Energy in Five Minutes' Firing. Ft.-Tons.
4 13-inch	33,627	269,016	4 12-inch	44,025	726,412
8 8-inch	8,011	320,440	8 8-inch	13,647	1,091,760
4 6-inch	2,990	119,600	12 6-inch	5,714	1,714,200
20 6-pdrs	138	110,400	12 3-inch	658	394,800
Total energy all guns in five minutes.....		819,456	Total energy all guns in five minutes.....		3,927,172

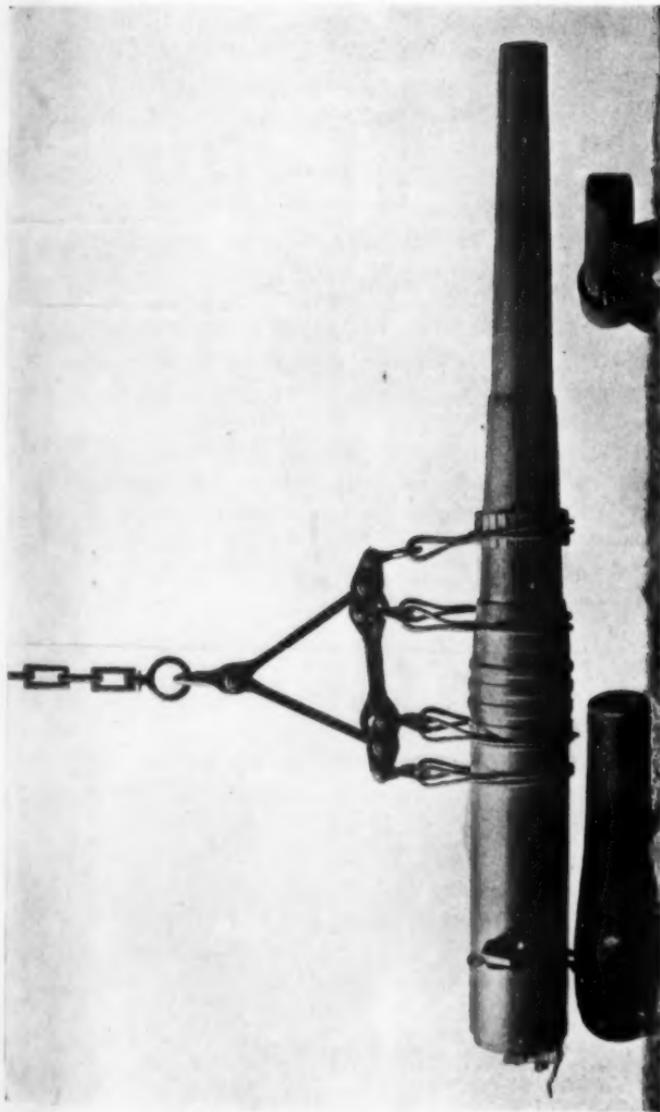
The increase in muzzle velocity from 1,450 foot seconds in 1879 to 2,700 to 2,800 foot seconds has quadrupled the power of the army gun, for the energy increases as the square of the velocity. A striking illustration of the potential energy of modern ordnance is shown by the fact that the range of the 16-inch breech-loading rifle now at Sandy Hook is estimated

at between 20 and 21 miles, the gun being elevated at the extreme angle of 45 degrees and firing a 2,400-pound projectile. At this range the projectile would rise at the highest point of its trajectory over five and one half miles above the earth, 29,040 feet. This would carry it over Mount Blanc, with Pike's Peak piled on top of it, Mount Blanc being 15,732 feet high and Pike's Peak 14,000 feet. The actual test of this mathematical calculation by ordnance experts will not, however, be made. Mortars are fired at high elevations, but not heavy rifled guns. The 12-inch rifle, now in the Service, has a trajectory at the extreme elevation of 15,000 to 16,000 feet, which would carry it over Mount Blanc.

The cut shows the difference in size and power between the present 16-inch Army rifled gun and the two principal guns of the Civil War, the Rodman 20-inch smooth bore and the 200-pound Parrott. There is but one 16-inch gun in existence and it has only been tested experimentally at Sandy Hook whither it was taken from Watervliet Arsenal, Troy, N. Y., where it was built under the supervision of General J. P. Farley, U. S. A., one of the most distinguished of ordnance officers, to whose courtesy we are indebted for our estimate of the power of this monster piece of ordnance. The 20-inch Rodman reached the limit of ordnance creation during the Civil War as did the 200-pound Parrott.

The increase in the power of the heavy guns used on shipboard and in our coast defences, which has been noted above, is paralleled by that of the small arms borne on the field of battle by the infantry and cavalry soldier. The introduction of the breech-loading rifle has more than doubled the rapidity of fire of small arms and their accuracy at long ranges, and the improvement upon the breechloader by the small bore repeater is correspondingly great.

Yet, singular as it may seem, the immense increase in the power of modern weapons of war is accompanied by a marked decrease in the percentage of losses in battle. According to the calculations of Otto Berndt, in his "Zahlen Krieg," published at Vienna in 1897, the average loss in battle during



A modern 16-in. Rifle, weight 338,400 pounds; Projectile, 2,370 pounds. At the left a 20-in. Rodman smoothbore, weight 116,000 pounds; Projectile, round shot, 1,000 pounds. At the right a 10-in. Parrott Rifle, weight 26,000 pounds; Projectile, 300 pounds.

Friendship of Nations

the Napoleonic wars was fifteen per cent. and in the Franco-Prussian war only 9.50 per cent. Colonel Maude, whose figures are not perhaps so reliable, estimates that it took four hours on an average to kill a man at Marston Moor; at Waterloo on the British side about twenty-four hours; at Mars la Tour, breechloaders being used on both sides and rifled field artillery, forty-eight hours, and at Liao-Yang and Mukden, during the recent war between Japan and Russia, not less than a fortnight. These statistics do not make clear what is meant by "a fortnight," but they are sufficiently exact to show how far wrong are those who, reasoning from their sentiments, have proclaimed the increased deadliness of war as the result of the vast improvement in the weapons of war.

Is the soldier reproached by the civilian because of the loss of life that attends the practice of his profession? Then he may answer, as did the little boy to the clergyman, who had been sent for by the mother to pray with her son because he had brought home a black eye from a street encounter:

"You had better go home and pray with your own little boy; he has two black eyes."

Within the single fiscal year last reported upon by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the number killed and wounded on the railroads of the United States, 122,855, was twenty-three times the total of killed and wounded on our side in all of the battles in which our troops, Regulars and Volunteers, have been engaged since the Civil War and exceeded the total killed and mortally wounded on the Union side during the four years of the Civil War. In the twenty years during which the account has been kept by the Interstate Commerce Commission, 1,197,832 persons have been killed and wounded on American railroads, a large proportion of them being victims to the want of training in obedience to orders, and strict attention to duty, which military discipline teaches.

The term "murder," so often and so unjustly applied to the action of the soldier in the discharge of his sworn duty, means malicious killing for personal ends, and it can no more be applied to war than to railroad accidents or to executions

by sentence of law. Under modern conditions the individual soldier has, as a rule, no more consciousness of being responsible for the death of a particular individual by his own act than has the superintendent of a railroad on which an accident occurs. The distances separating combatants on what may be a battle front one hundred miles long, as in Manchuria, are so great that in a large majority of cases there is no individual struggle between man and man as in the days of the Roman short sword. This is shown by the fact that in the battles between the Russians and Japanese the bayonet wounds were about one half of one per cent. of the whole. There is nothing in war, at least in war as now conducted, to stimulate the evil passions; quite the contrary, for some of the noblest impulses of human nature find their stimulus on the battle-field.

The value of the army as a training school and an educational institution is found by the Germans to be so great that it makes a return to the state in actual commercial gain far in excess of its cost. It is an appreciation of this fact that has established the German military system in the regard of the educated classes who are favored to the extent of having service in the ranks of the active army reduced to one year for all young men having an education equivalent to that of a youth who has finished half of his freshman course in one of our colleges. The educated young Germans are also appointed non-commissioned officers when they go into the reserve. The premium thus placed on education naturally stimulates the effort to acquire it. In a recent public address President Hadley of Yale has testified to the value of German Army training as a means of education.

It is further found that the time which is subtracted from the early years of the life of a German youth by service with the colors is fully compensated for by a corresponding extension of his working period, due to the physical training he receives in the army and the knowledge he acquires as to the best means of preserving his health and hence increasing longevity and working capacity.

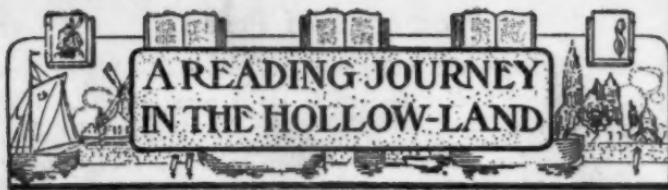
Sir Joseph Whitworth, the English inventor and manufacturer, whose large experience with workmen should make him a competent judge, has expressed the opinion that the habit of prompt obedience and thoroughness acquired by military training increases the value of the workman thirty-six cents (1s. 6d.) a week, a statement which will be substantially confirmed by anyone who will inquire in the manufactories of Germany, where ex-soldiers are found to be the most valuable workmen, they being the average citizen plus the habits of order and discipline and the manual dexterity acquired in the ranks. On the basis of Sir Joseph's figures, F. N. Maude, C. B., lecturer on military history in the Universities of London and Manchester, estimates that the skill of the army-trained workman adds \$56.16 annually to the market value of the product on which he works, the value of this being estimated at three times the cost of the labor expended upon the raw material.

Whether or not we accept these mathematical calculations as exact, it would be possible to show that enforced military training has been the controlling factor in the progress of Germany to imperial greatness, in commerce, manufactories and all the elements of industrial wealth, during the one hundred years since she lay prostrate at the feet of Napoleon I. It is military service that has created an Imperial Germany out of a medley of small States, just as it has created a united Italy by the same methods.

Military training by no means implies war, and a comparison of the experiences of the past century with those of the century preceding it would indicate that it is the most effective means of controlling the popular passions that lead to war. Of all men, those whose military training teaches them what war means are those most averse to war and those most competent to determine how it can best be avoided.

What has been said here offers no excuse for war, nor is it intended to justify war, but simply to explain the facts concerning war and to show the wisdom of following the guidance of those trained in the knowledge of the causes and consequences of war in the effort to prevent the deadly strife

between nations which grows more and more colossal in its proportions, more and more terrible in its consequences. War would not cease if every great army were disbanded today, if every sword were beaten into a ploughshare, and every spear into a pruning hook. It will end only when the struggles of individual and national selfishness, provoking the conflicts which the soldier is called upon to settle, are at an end. The warlike fever in the Balkan states, among the most insignificant in a military sense of any in Europe, and the concert of action among the great Powers to prevent war, offer a present illustration of the fact that the existence of great military establishments is not a provocation to, but an insurance against war. Not only the immediate expenses of war, but the economic changes involved in the results of war, may well make the most powerful and the most belligerent of nations hesitate to break the peace. It is the minor states of Europe that have sought to embroil their more powerful neighbors in a fight; just as the insurgent Cubans provoked us into a war with Spain. It is the boast of a member of Congress who was the special champion of the Cubans that he was responsible for the Spanish war. Certainly the members of the army or navy of the United States had nothing to do with provoking it. On the contrary, they strove in every way they could to prevent it, as they sought to prevent our Civil War and deprecated the war with Mexico, as, did General Grant, as he tells us in his "Memoirs."



Part IV. The Island of Walcheren and Zeeland.—The Dead Cities—Rotterdam

By George Wharton Edwards

THE traveler is recommended above all to enter Holland by way of Flushing in Zeeland, as the Island of Walcheren retains more of the old costumes and the original types of peasantry than perhaps any other of the provinces. The picturesque costumes of the women with their queer head-dresses and flashing gold and silver cap ornaments, show to great advantage and impress the tourist with the strange antiquity of the people. The milk-maid, going her round with utensils burnished like silver and gold and sparkling in the sunlight, the patient dogs drawing the little green carts, laden with brass milk cans, the curious carvings on the dark leaning house fronts; the funny, little mirrors (*spui*) at each window, showing to those within the passerby; the busy "*huisvrouw*," cleansing the footway before her dwelling or sweeping the immaculate bricks of the roadway; the sweet, soft, jangling chime of the bells in the "*Grootekerk*" with its lofty tower of four stages, dating from the fourteenth century; the gaudily painted brown sailed fishing craft, manned by the stolid, broad-beamed Dutchmen, are sights which will impress one most strangely. The town of Flushing or "*Vlissingen*" is about a mile from the harbor. This walk is most

*Copyright, 1908, by George Wharton Edwards. This series which began in the September CHAUTAUQUAN will continue throughout the reading year.



Walcheren Peasant Costume—Side and Front View.

entertaining. There is a huge dial showing the height of the water in the River Scheldt, a dial resembling a clock and with the letters on it "A. P." In Dutch this means "Amsterdamsche Peil," and shows high water mark at Amsterdam. Here is the town hall on the "Hout Kade" erected in 1733; formerly the mansion of a wealthy citizen, it was adapted to its present use after the English destroyed the other by bombardment. Now comes a curious house across a bridge of boats. It is adorned with the figures of the Graces. Then down a street lined with beautiful chestnut trees to the very heart of old Flushing. Here we find the peasant women, gathered in the "Oude Markt," all busily chaffering and wrangling over their various commodities. Across the canal to the "Beurs Plein," to the "Rotonde" on the sea front, with its lighthouse, and a raised walk upon which is a statue of Admiral De Ruyter, who was born here in 1607. His father was a rope maker but his mother descended from a noble family. It was from here that De Ruyter's fleet sailed out to attack the English fleet. The circular tower was built in 1663 and was once the chief gate of old Flushing.



Walcheren Peasant Girls.

The Island of Walcheren is about ten miles in length and eight miles in breadth and has played a most important part in Dutch and English history and its story many years further back is full of interest.

"Among the quicksands of storm-beaten Walachria, that wondrous Normandy came into existence whose wings were to sweep over all the high places of Christendom. Out of these creeks, laugunes, and almost inaccessible sand banks, these bold free-booters sailed forth on their forays against England, France, and other adjacent countries, and here they brought and buried the booty of many a wild adventure. Here at a later day Rollo the Dane had that memorable dream of leprosy, the cure of which was the conversion of North Gaul into Normandy, of pagans into Christians, and the subsequent conquest of every throne in Christendom from Ultima Thule to Byzantium ('United Netherlands')."

As to its connection with English history, every school boy has heard of the Walcheren expedition in 1809, when the Earl of Chatham was sent with troops to destroy the naval arsenal which Napoleon was creating in Antwerp. The incompetent English general, instead of carrying out the object of the expedition, stopped enroute to take Flushing, in consequence of which Napoleon had sufficient time to put Antwerp in a state of defence, while 7,000 English soldiers, left in charge



Walcheren Peasant Youth.



Walcheren Peasant Maid

of Walcheren, perished of marsh fever and £20,000,000 of money was sacrificed.

Flushing has made a magnificent endeavor to become a great port. And it is hard to understand why it has not succeeded. The map of Holland will show at a glance that its position is unequaled, and millions of guilders have been spent on its harbor works and docks. Steamers leave here regularly for Hull and different parts of the continent. The magnificent harbor is divided into three parts, known as the Outer port and the first and second Inner port. The Outer port comprises about thirty-two acres and has a depth of twenty-one feet at low water; a canal twenty-four feet deep connects the harbor with Middelburg and Veere, cutting the Island of Walcheren into two parts. The town is sheltered from the north and northeast winds and the ever changing sea. To the left is the coast of South Flanders, some of its villages being easily discernible. To the north are the downs with red-tiled farmhouses dotted here and there. To the northeast one gets a glimpse of Biggekerke and Koudekerke,



Boats on the River near Rotterdam.

two villages worth visiting by the way. There is a little steam tram running between Flushing and Middelburg, four miles away, but a pleasanter way of making the journey is to take the little steamer, running at frequent intervals through the canal, in company with the gaily-dressed peasantry to or from their way to market. In this way a better idea of the country people may be had.

Middelburg was in the middle ages one of the richest and most flourishing cities of the Netherlands as may be seen from its well-built houses, once the homes of merchant princes, and from its spacious docks and waterways. Its municipal charter, dated 1213, is one of the oldest documents of the kind in existence. It was a great market for wool, and was crowded with merchants from all parts of Europe, especially from England, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Its intercourse with other nations led to a large trade in wine. All wines coming from Spain and France, for example, for consumption in Holland and Germany had to pass through Middelburg and pay a heavy duty there. In 1572 Middelburg was the last place in Zeeland occupied by the Spanish. It capitulated to the Zeelanders in 1574. It has been described as the most peculiarly representative and Dutch of all the towns of Holland. On Thursday, which is market day, there is great opportunity of studying the Zeeland peasants for it is upon this day that they flock in from the country after their labors



On the Scheldt, Flushing (Vlissingen).

of the week. Their dress is peculiar, most picturesque, and perhaps the most elaborate in Holland. Both sexes wear a great deal of quaint, beaten silver ornaments which may be purchased from them sometimes but for which they ask twice the value. There are many little silverware shops in Middelburg where may be found the quaint, old Dutch spoons, such as are described by Thackeray in "A Roundabout Paper." On market days these shops are thronged with peasants, purchasing the curious Zeeland silver buttons and buckles. These are made of silver wire in concentric circles which are soldered to a base, and are quite moderate in price. The eating at the hotels here is not very good from our standpoint. The traveler will find a superabundance of, as well as many kinds of, cheese. There is cheese with caraway seeds and cheese without, soft cheese, hard cheese, yellow cheese, red cheese, green cheese, and white cheese, not to speak of a certain dark brown cheese, the merits of which I am unable to qualify. The bread is generally good. Of the meat I cannot say as much. My Dutch friend tells me that mutton is hard to get and I found it so, and the reason he gives is that sheep are only killed when they cease to be valuable for wool-bearing and lamb on the table is an almost unheard of rarity. Veal is the great staple and is served in all manner of forms and is generally well cooked. The soup, which is good, is plentifully besprinkled, especially in the north, with cinnamon; it



Headdress, Goes—Side and Front Views.

is rather full of greasy "eyes" and contains forced meat balls or tiny sausages. To a hungry man who has spent the day sight-seeing this food is more or less palatable and is generally served with a huge flagon of beer. The dining-rooms away from the cities in the small towns are redolent of tobacco, for the Dutch are great smokers, from the boy of five in the street to the nonagenarian. Eggs are eaten cold for breakfast and are served in a huge bowl in the shell, with various kinds of cheeses sliced and crumbled, a pot of boiling water and a little caddy full of tea with which one is supposed to make his own tea. After a few essays at tea-making, the tourist becomes quite expert but my own experiences are fresh in my mind, and are too unsuccessful to dwell upon here.

In studying Zeeland, the traveler would better make his headquarters at Middelburg rather than Flushing, for I found the hotel distinctly better at the first-named town, and its situation is certainly fascinating—occupying as it does one side of the quiet square enclosed by the walls of the Abdij as the Dutch oddly spell it. There, amid a grove of trees,



A Dutch Dyke as it appears from the Sea.

one sees delicate spires and a charming façade—the headquarters of the Provincial council, who, meeting in a fifteenth century hall, have had the temerity and taste (or lack of it) to furnish it with “art nouveau” furniture. A proverb of the Middelburger reads “Goed rond, goed Zeuwsch,” that is, “well rounded, very Zeelandish,” and certainly many of the inhabitants bear it out, and the shape of the town as well, which curves about the “Abdij.” Here one notices for the first time the peculiar costume of the women, who are comely, red cheeked, and quite delightful to behold in their lace-frilled caps and bright shawls. The peculiarity is in the color of their arms. The sleeves of their waists are cut off high above the elbow and so tightly worn that the bare arm from thence down seems bursting from the pressure above and, expanding, takes on the color of a ripe reddish plum mottled with delicate violet tints—most uncomfortable and unpleasant to look upon, too.

Middelburg presents a bright and happy exterior. There is everywhere the aspect and evidence of fresh paint, even the tree-trunks and plaster casts of statuary in the gardens are touched up with the paint and whitewash brush. The doors are immaculately white, likewise the marble steps, re-



Peasant Costume, Veere.



Peasant Type, Goes.

minding one of Philadelphia, and the shutters of the windows are ornamented often with a curious hour glass shaped painted ornament, which I am informed is the conventional form of curtains draped back behind the glass, and it may be so. It is certainly quaint. Green paint is lavishly used too, and the freedom is sometimes questionable, but in the main the effect is pleasing from its very novelty.

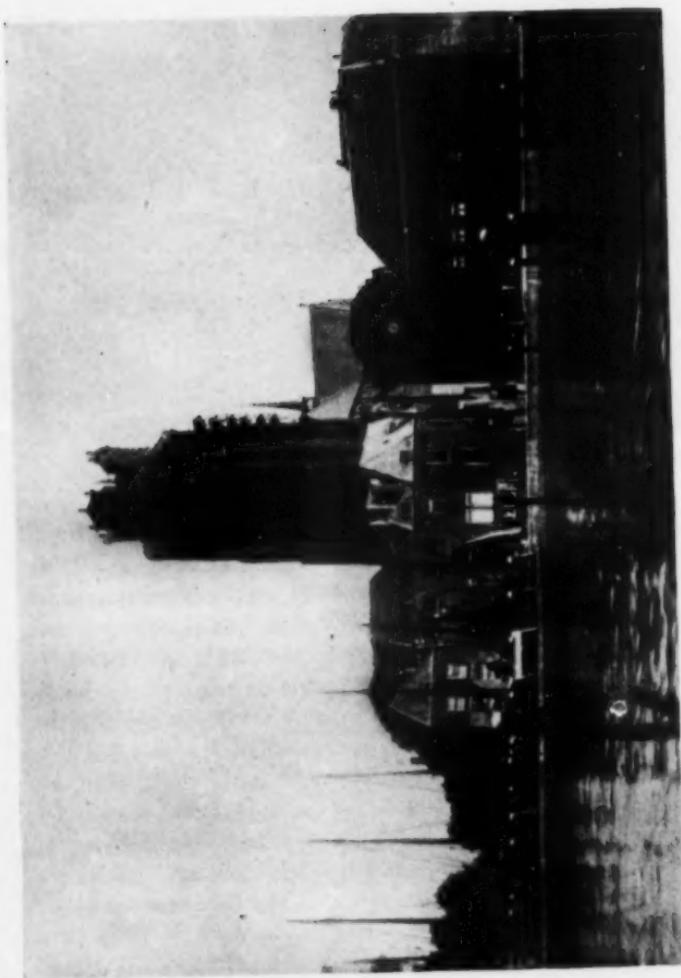
One is awakened in the morning by the profoundly plaintive music of the bells and carillon and of Long John (De lange Jan) in the tall tower of the Abbey at the "Nieuw Kerk." Day and night his voice is heard over Middelburg every seven and a half minutes, eight times in the hour. Think of it, forty-one bells every seven and a half minutes! Happy the man who can sleep under such a bombardment; as for me, I like it, for my student days were spent under the eaves in a small, red-tiled floored room in Antwerp in the very shadow of the cathedral, and I love the bells, the beautiful silvery deliberate persistent chime. Here at Middelburg is another celebrity (Gekke Betje) Foolish Betsey—so called from her



Canal at Flushing (Vlissingen).

steady wilfulness in disregarding her obligations to Long John. Betsey is the Great Clock in the Stad-Huis, and is the pride of the town even though she will not keep correct time.

One very curious custom will strike the traveler, that is the railing (often of brass brightly polished) maintained by every house owner *across* the sidewalk in front of the house at each side of his property, making it impossible for the passerby to use it. My inquiries as to the meaning of this were answered by uplifted eyebrows, a stare, and a shrug of the shoulders, so I forebore. But the streets and houses are certainly an unending entertainment: there is something at every turn to charm one from its novelty and unusualness; a rosy cheeked maid with her skirts tucked between her knees scrubbing the already immaculate doorstep; a fat baby in a low-wheeled box, while a puppy contentedly licks its unconscious face; a dog-cart filled with golden brass and ruddy copper milk cans; a gathering of ancient lace-becapped women, placidly drinking tea in an arbor bearing the painted motto "*Lust in Rust*"; two hip-jacketed, wide-breeched peasant boys gazing



De Grote Kerk, Dordrecht, of 14th century erection.



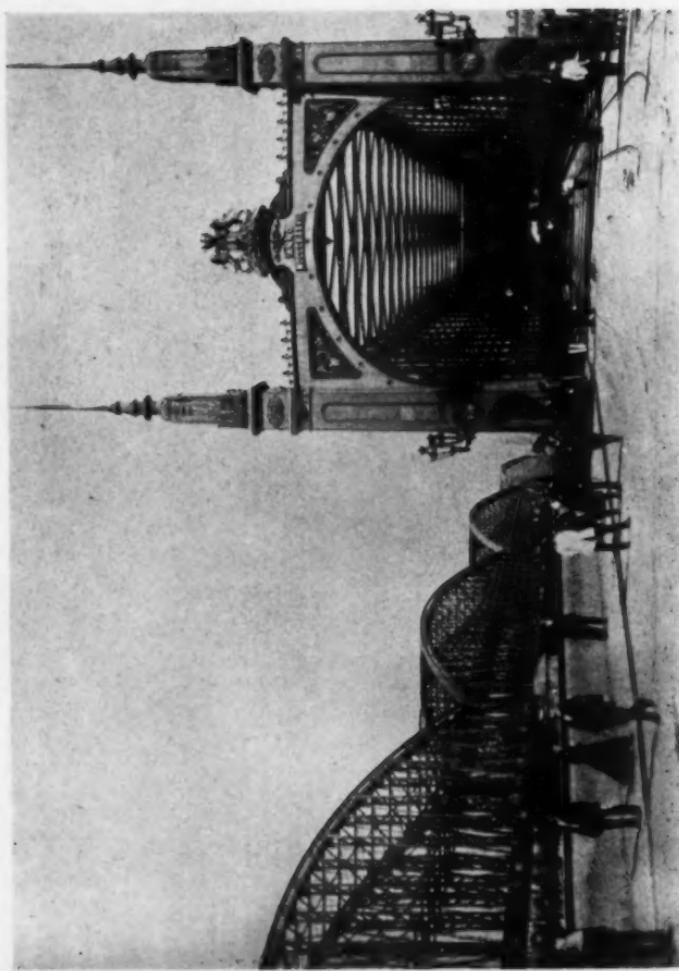
Ancient City Gate (De Grootpoort), Dordrecht.



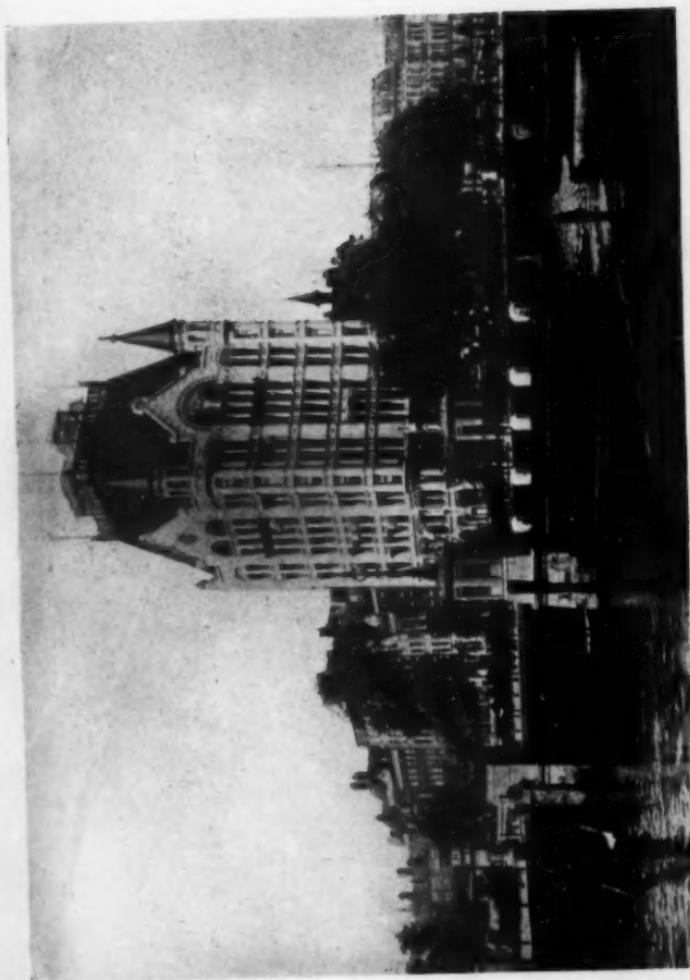
Panorama of Rotterdam.



View of the River Maas, Rotterdam.



Bridge over the Maas, Rotterdam.



Typical Scene, Rotterdam.



The Delft Gate, Rotterdam.

into each other's eyes in a sort of trance, and saying not one word while I watched them covertly, for fully three minutes by the watch; the glint of sunlight on the patches of moss on the side of a moored barge in the canal, and the long reflections of its sails and cordage in the sluggishly moving water. There is an interesting museum, "Zeeuwsch Genootschap der Wetenschappen," dedicated to the history of Zeeland, containing many shells and stuffed birds, Admiral Ruyter's wheel on which he made rope when a boy, the first telescope, made by Zacharias Jansen, the inventor, two of the first microscopes (1590), a room furnished in the Zeeland style of old, and other curious and interesting objects which may detain the visitor. The other towns of Walcheren, Westcapelle, Domburg, Arnemuiden, and Veere can be easily reached from Middelburg on foot, or conveyance as one prefers. Of these, the most curious and charming is Veere—silent, dead, once the chief rival of Middelburg, but now deserted and abandoned; one can see its huge tower for miles across the level landscape, its fellow lies beneath the sea, they say. It is vast in its proportions, all unfinished as it is. One end alone is used for services and the rest, whitewashed, nude, and stripped of all its one-time ornamentation, is very melancholy, never having recovered from its desecration by Napoleon who used it for a barracks and a stable.

On the silent quay is the fine Scotch house, formerly the headquarters of the Scotch wool trade in Zeeland. The exquisite Stadhuis claims attention with its lovely onion-bulb spire piercing the sky and its visible bells softly ringing and jangling. Here, too, one notes the curious painting of the shutters of the lower story, with their hour-glass shaped decoration. Seven statues of the counts and countesses of Veere adorn its front above the first story. It was built in 1470-74.

The Vierschaar, or Court House, paneled in oak is now a museum; its chief treasure is a silver-gilt cup, presented by Prince Maximilian to Veere in 1651. Notice the bronze hands over the fireplace. A person sentenced to be "behanded" might by law commute the punishment by paying a certain sum, and presenting a bronze hand marked with the name,

56 Reading Journey in the Hollow-Land

crime, etc. There is a small hotel or two; the "Belvedere" may be mentioned as occupying the old Camp Veere tower, an ancient bulwark, with pleasant views across the water to North Beveland. Domburg away to the westward is a small bathing resort, reached by steam train via Kondekerke from Middelburg. At Domburg the men bathe to the right, women to the left. An ancient and picturesque man clad in red flannel armed with a fog-horn acts as master of ceremonies, and recalls the adventurous bather. He bears on his back the word "Badman," but this does not, I am sure, refer to his character, but to his vocation. The Bad Hotel, too, belies its name. It is, on the contrary, excellent in every way and there are other good hotels here, too.

The traveler may now return to Middelburg and Flushing and take train for Rotterdam by way of Dordrecht, passing through Arnemuiden. The train crosses an embankment over the Scheldt, the last glimpse of the gigantic church of Veere vanishes in the distance, and Goes on the island of South Beveland with its red roofs, orchards, and lofty church is seen. Now the train enters North Brabant, crossing an arm of the sea and arriving at Bergen-opzoom, a dull little town with a heavy towered church, passes on to Dordrecht.

Dort, as the Dutch lovingly call it, "that most picturesquely deeply dyed of the Dutch towns," stands on an island separated during the great flood from the mainland in 1421 and is the most ancient of Dutch towns, dating from the tenth century. There is a small hotel on the quay, "The Belvedere," where Whistler and I and Van Gravesande spent many happy evenings together some years ago, watching the shipping on the river and discussing art, life, and things—"eheu fugaces." Dort's leaning houses, we are told by the engineers, are the result of design, but whether or not, they are most alarmingly curious, for one may almost reach across certain of the streets from house to house at the upper windows, and clasp hands with one's neighbors. Certainly no other town occupies its place with calmer placidity, nor has any other so medieval an aspect as in that canal, far below the street level and crossed with a multitude of bridges.

Quainter than Amsterdam, it is the nearest in resemblance to Venice, and there are flights of steps to the water's edge, to the moored boats where the fisherwomen wrangle and wash clothes, and where walls green and mossy rise from the canals, and everywhere is bright green paint, growing flowers in window boxes, caged starlings and placid pussy cats sitting beneath them on the sills of the windows. Barges are constantly passing and the presence of the stranger is unnoticed, nor does his easel or white umbrella awaken more than passing interest. On Wijnstraat are some good examples of the quaint houses of the Hanseatic period with roofs rising in curious steps. The Picture Gallery is in the Linden Gracht, and there is a South African Museum adjoining it. The Groot Hoofd Poort is a picturesque gateway dating from 1618, of red brick enriched with escutcheons, lions, and heads. Inside is a sixteenth century Dutch room paneled in oak, and here are also some fine banners of the ancient guilds. The Groot Kirk is one of the most interesting churches in Holland. The choir and east end are discarded. And whisper! I saw once the washing hung up on a line to dry behind the screen—true, it was on a week-day, but nevertheless! The organ has three manuals and sixty-three stops. There is a fine white marble pulpit (1756). The screen was erected in 1744. The carved choir stalls, which were wilfully damaged at the Reformation, are considered the finest in Holland. They are by Aertz, a native of Oort. In the "Munt Poort" on Voor Straat are some fine Renaissance decorations. Dort was the birthplace of Albert Cuyp, Nicholas Maes, and Ferdinand Bol, the famous painters. There is a statue of Ary Scheffer, the artist, who was born here. His pictures, too, may be seen in the Wijnstraat at the Museum.

A good deal of business is carried on. Great rafts of timber which are made up on the Rhine in Germany are usually broken up here and disposed of—many of the windmills about the town are used to saw them up into boards.

Founded in the eleventh century, Dort was of considerable importance in the middle ages by reason of its customs. All products brought into Holland had to pay duty at Dort

58 Reading Journey in the Hollow-Land

until the envy of Rotterdam succeeded in obtaining a portion of the trade. The first Congress of the Netherlands Commonwealth was held here in 1572 and while proffering loyalty to the king, determined to uphold the policy of William of Orange. This was a momentous gathering in the history of this distressful country. The great religious Congress or Synod of Dort sat here for nearly two years (1618-19). The Synod cost a colossal sum in expenses, and was less inspired by Christian love than any meeting ever held in the name of religion.

Rotterdam is reached by rail or steamer, the latter means being the more interesting, in about an hour and a half. Of its 200,000 inhabitants, one quarter are Roman Catholics, and there are about 7,000 Jews to be reckoned with in trade. It is named from its situation on the Rotte, that is, the Dam on the Rotte. It may be described as a most novel and picturesque medley of water, trees, curious draw bridges and vessels. One may loiter for hours upon the Boompjes (so called because of its row of beautiful trees, boompjes being the Dutch for trees, or *little trees*) which is the place "where merchants most do congregate." There is great animation and color everywhere—the streets are alive with people, so that one can realize the fact that Rotterdam has a population of 200,000. The multitudinous draw bridges are being constantly raised or lowered to let the brightly and picturesquely painted barges pass, and the delay is most cheerfully borne by the halted pedestrian. While it is not a particularly pleasant city to visit it is very cosmopolitan. Its chief claim to fame is that it was the birthplace of Erasmus, and his bronze statue may be seen in the Grotte Markt surrounded by fruit stands and jostling, scolding, chattering peasant women. Another illustrious son is that exquisite painter, Pieter de Hooch. He excelled in his management of light. Sunlight diffused is one of his mysterious gifts to art; his pictures are bathed in it. The traveler may stop here in Rotterdam for a few hours at any rate, and visit "Boymans' Museum," where he will find some good pictures, and at the "Museum voor Geschiedenis en Kunst," a fine collection of old furniture,

glass, Delft ware, and weapons. The church of St. Lawrence has no equal in the country; its sombre gray tower quite dominates. There is a typical windmill on the "Cool Singel," some storks in the Zoo, and a most picturesque and busy river.

Lucas says "All Dutch towns are amphibious," but some are more watery than others. He says, too, that they do not swim in their waters and this I can vouch for, but they certainly do wash everything else in sight; such a splashing and a dousing as goes on from morning till night can be seen nowhere else in the world. Lady Mary Wortley Montague sent an interesting letter to the Countess de Mar in 1716 from here. She says: "All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before the meanest doors are seats of various colored marbles, so neatly kept that I assure you I walked all over town yesterday 'incognita' in my slippers without receiving one spot of dirt." There have been some changes since Lady Mary's day, but in the main her account reads as if written today.

And now we must pay a short visit to Gouda (pronounced Hooda) sometimes called Ter Gouw, where we find a fine church surmounted by a bulbous tower sufficiently picturesque to satisfy one. And some magnificently stained glass windows of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There are twenty-nine large and thirteen small windows presented by various princes, corporations, etc. The best of them are the twelve by the brothers Wouter and Dirk Crabath in 1555-57, and of their pupils. Before each window is thoughtfully placed a cartoon of its subject. Perhaps such an assemblage of antique glass can be seen nowhere else. One can examine window after window in wonder at its beauty and quality, and marvel that the town was not long since despoiled of its treasures. From here to the Hague is but seventeen miles also by rail. We will, however, defer our visit to this town, the favorite residence of the Royal family, until another article.



IV. The Painters of Domestic Scenes.*

By George Breed Zug.

Assistant Professor in the History of Art, University of Chicago.

LUXURY followed peace in Holland. The women wore beautiful clothes and furnished their homes with elegant furniture and rich stuffs. The men, relieved from the cares and hardships of war, found leisure to adorn their persons and to loiter indoors in the company of maidens robed in satin, velvet, and ermine. Elegance and ease marked the home life of well-to-do people, and this easy and elegant life found its perfect expression in the work of the Painters of Domestic Scenes, who may also be called The Painters of Society. These excellent craftsmen chose for their subjects such incidents of everyday life as a cook at her work, a milk-maid in the buttery, a mother caring for her child, a maiden at her toilet, reading a letter or a book, or taking a music lesson, an officer visiting a young lady, well-dressed people playing cards over a glass of wine or breakfasting at the door of an inn. This class of pictures also includes interiors with figures, few or many, street scenes, tavern broils, and peasant gatherings. Taken in their entire range of subject these pictures present the manners and customs not only of those

*The first article of the series upon "Dutch Art and Artists" appeared in the September CHAUTAUQUAN, the subject "Frans Hals and the Portrait;" in October, "Rembrandt;" in November, "Rembrandt and his Pupils."

placed high in the social scale, but also of people in the humbler walks of life, and they accordingly form a complete gallery of furnishings and of costume, a complete chronicle of the social life of the Dutch people of the seventeenth century. The present paper treats of the painters of the well-to-do classes, the society artists. The painters of the peasants, the low-life artists, are the subject of the next paper of this series.

As a broad term for the class of paintings just referred to we have taken over from the French the word "genre." The word thus used has a more restricted sense than its literal meaning (kind or sort) would imply, for English usage has decreed that the expression "genre painting" shall connote a picture of small dimensions, only a foot or two high, which represents some such domestic or intimately human scene as has just been suggested. It is with reference to the small dimensions of their pictures that the Dutch painters of genre are often given the title of "The Little Dutchmen." As to the genre subject it has usually nothing of historic import, nothing of the heroic or the sublime. But these Little Dutchmen were not seeking dramatic expression or epic grandeur as did Rubens and some of the Italians. The old Italians strove for beauty; the Dutch genre painters strove for the expression of character. The former painted the body; the latter strove to express the workings of the mind. Still, these genre painters do not search the soul as does Rembrandt, but are content to interpret the trifling, the trivial, and, at times even the vulgar incidents of life.

These painters love the play of light on walls and furniture, they love the rich depth of oriental rugs and of fur, the sheen of satin and of velvet, and the lustre of metal and of pottery, and their delicate art translated properly and harmoniously whatever objects and whatever human figures they selected into something new and original and beautiful, and the result was a work of art.

One of the best of the Dutch painters of the upper class was Gerard Ter Borch, the younger. His father, of the same name, was a man of wealth and education, who in his youth had traveled in Germany, Italy, and France. He devoted his

leisure to painting as a mere gentlemanly accomplishment and passed on his talent to his son. Gerard, the son, was born in Zwolle in 1617. He was a precocious boy and has left sketches drawn at the ages of eight and nine, on one of which the father proudly inscribed the words, "Made in 1625 on the 25th of September by G. T. Borch, the younger"; and on another, "Drawn by Gerard, after nature, on the 24th of April, 1626." A small sketch book that still exists, shows how carefully the boy copied nature. He evidently drew with most pleasure the simple subjects,—the thatched cottages, the farmyards with peaceful horses and cows, the old walls of the town with their towers and gates. But, profitable as were these studies, they did not afford sufficient training for so unusual a talent, and the father accordingly sent the young Gerard to Haarlem to study with the painter Pieter Molyn, an artist who objected to the prevailing imitation of the Italians which had been the pride and the curse of Dutch painters for almost a century. Molyn, who was a great influence in his school, confirmed our young master's love of things Dutch. When Gerard was only eighteen years of age he went to England. That the father was still helping to direct the boy's life is shown by a letter he sent to his son in London on July 3d, 1635. "My dear child," the father writes, "I send you the mannikin but without the block which should serve as its pedestal, for that is too large and heavy to put in the trunk. You can have one made, however, at slight cost. Do not let the mannikin have too much repose, as you did here, but use it continually. Draw constantly, and especially choose large compositions with much action in them. When you paint treat modern subjects as much as possible. Have regard to purity and freshness of coloring, that your colors may harmonize when they are dried. Above all serve God, be honest, humble, and useful to all and your affairs will turn out well."

How long Ter Borch remained in London we cannot tell, but Houbraken, the Vasari of Dutch art, says that the young painter visited also Italy, France, and Spain, while the date on a portrait shows that he was again in his native country in 1646 and working in Amsterdam.



"The Guitar Lesson." By Ter Borch. In the National Gallery, London.



"The Visit." By Ter Borch. In the Berlin Gallery.



"An Officer and a Young Lady." By Metsu. In the Louvre, Paris.



"An Old Toper." By Metsu. In the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.



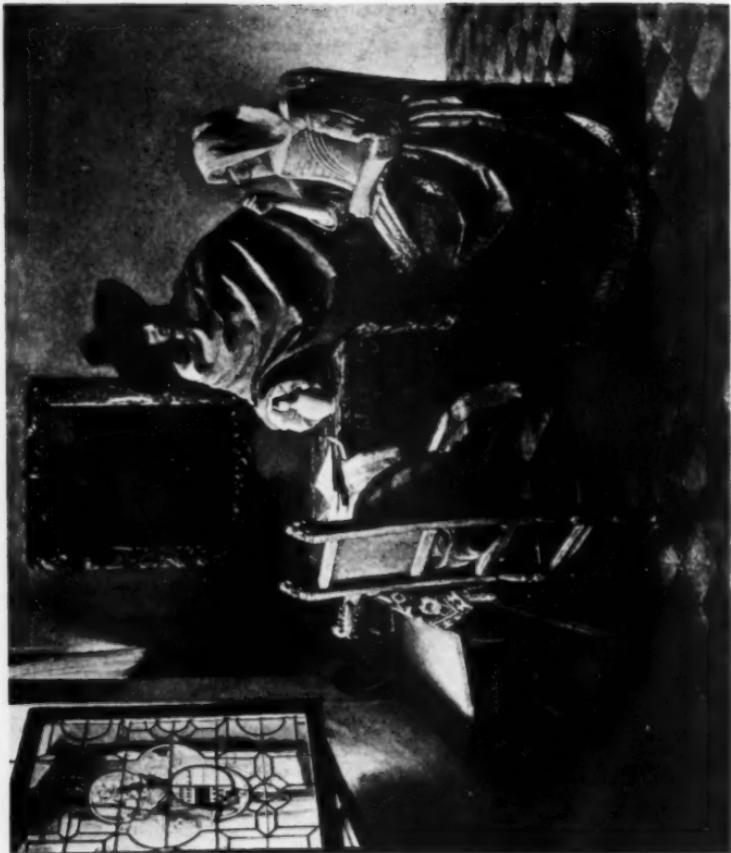
"The Buttery." By Pieter de Hooch. In the Rijks' Museum, Amsterdam.



"The Country House." By Pieter de Hooch. In the Rijks Museum,
Amsterdam.



"Young Woman Opening a Casement." By Vermeer of Delft. In the
Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, New York.



"Man and Woman Drinking," By Vermeer of Delft. In the Berlin Museum.

Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Co., New York.

It was probably his growing reputation which soon led him to settle in Münster, where he seems to have lived three years. At that time this city must have been a fruitful field for a portrait painter since it was the meeting place of many notables: delegates, ambassadors, churchmen, and jurists came hither from all of Europe to take part in the complicated proceedings to which the approaching conclusion of peace gave rise. Ter Borch has left a number of portraits of important personages painted in Münster, and about 1648 he painted there the so-called "Peace of Münster," one of the most important of his works. This is a portrait group only eighteen inches in height yet containing the carefully delineated and delicately painted portraits of no less than sixty persons. Against a carved wainscoting the Spanish Ambassadors and the delegates of the United Provinces are represented standing about a table upon which lies the provisional treaty. "When the picture was on exhibition in Paris in 1868 it is said that the celebrated French painter, Meissonier, traveled all the way from Antibes for the express purpose of seeing Ter Borch's masterpiece, and that after standing before it for an hour he declared that he considered each separate head in the picture worth the trouble and time that his long journey had cost him."^{*}

In Münster Ter Borch came into relations with the Spanish Ambassador, who persuaded the painter to make a second visit to Spain in 1648. There he was received with great favor by the king, who heaped upon him honors and gifts, and there, it is said, his prowess with the hearts of the ladies of Madrid created such ill feeling that he was forced to leave the country precipitately. After his return to Holland he lived with his family in his native town of Zwolle until 1654, when he married a young woman of Deventer and settled in that city where he was busily occupied in his profession until his death in 1681.

As a man of culture and of much travel Ter Borch must have become acquainted with the work of the best painters of

^{*}The picture is now in the National Gallery, London. A reproduction is in Bates and Guild's "Masters in Art Series" on "Terburg."

Europe. It is believed that the masters that especially appealed to him were Frans Hals, Rembrandt, and Velasquez. However, it is difficult to point out any definite influence of these artists, for he was a master mind, an independent spirit. He was, therefore, able to learn from various masters while still preserving his own individuality and developing his own peculiar artistic style. As has been suggested, Ter Borch excelled in the painting of portrait groups and of single portraits, nearly always of very small size. Like Rembrandt he was fond of painting likenesses of himself and of the members of his family. But the works which one thinks of as typical of the master are the little genre pictures in the style of the two here reproduced.

In "The Guitar Lesson" a lady in yellow and white satin sits playing a lute, her master, leaning his elbow upon the table covered with a Turkish rug, is reading the music which he holds in his left hand, while he beats time with the right. A gentleman standing behind them is looking down at the music book. These two seventeenth century gallants, according to the Dutch custom of the time, keep their heads covered in the presence of the charming pupil. This is a typical subject for this whole group of painters. A music lesson of some kind offers one of the favorite themes for these little pictures. Sometimes the instrument is a spinet, sometimes a violin, and often, as here, a lute. Typical of Ter Borch's art in particular are several things which may be mentioned. Whereas De Hooch and Vermeer often represent a tiled floor and a raftered ceiling, here the ceiling and floor are plain; whereas in Vermeer and De Hooch the light of day enters through windows at the side or the back of the room and plays evenly over all the objects, with Ter Borch the light apparently shines into the picture from some invisible source and brightly illuminates the figures in the foreground leaving the rest of the picture in semi-darkness. This focusing the light on the chief figures of the picture is an interesting convention used both by Ter Borch and Metsu. Peculiar to Ter Borch is the brown and white spotted spaniel introduced in "The Guitar Lesson," the Turkish rug, the candle-stick and the bed which

reminds one of a sentinel box. Typical also of this master's art is the introduction of but few accessory objects,—the candle-stick, the cloth on the table, the letter on the floor. This illustrates the master's skill and taste in selection in that he leaves out every unnecessary thing and puts in only such objects as will heighten the desired effect of unity. The composition should also be noticed. The standing figure occupies the center of the picture, the dark of the door at the left balances the bed at the right, the woman on the left is opposed to the master and the table on the right, and the dog on one side corresponds as a spot of light to the letter on the other. Again, could the drawing be more delicate and expressive? See how the fingers of the musician's left hand seem to extend towards us; notice the bend of the lady's right wrist; the placing of the fingers of the other hand on the strings; see how her jacket stands out at the back, and how true to nature the folds of her skirt fall to the floor.

Thus in lighting, in arrangement, and in drawing this little picture is a masterpiece. But no less masterly and no less typical are the coloring and the execution,—characteristics that can be fully appreciated only in the presence of the original painting. It is fortunate that one may see and enjoy paintings by Ter Borch in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, at the Art Institute in Chicago, and in several private collections in America. In these pictures one can appreciate the master's quiet harmonies in red and brown, dominated, as in "The Guitar Lesson," by his favorite model in her white satin gown. This satin dress with its brilliantly painted sheen forms here, as in so many of Ter Borch's pictures, the dominant note of light, and a contrast to the deep reds and browns. Again and again the master introduces into his pictures the same model, with her tip-tilted nose, her brown hair, her fresh complexion and her satin dress adorned with its border of gold. Sometimes she is receiving an officer; sometimes offering him refreshments, or she is represented at her toilet, or writing a letter. Why does Ter Borch repeatedly introduce this model? The question might as well be asked why did Michael Angelo and Raphael each invent a type of face

and figure and employ it repeatedly in their pictures? Or why do Botticelli's women always show the same wan, oval face, the same swollen nostrils and over-ripe lips, the same melancholy expression? Surely the answer is very simple; each artist learns to see things in his own way, attains his own personal vision of the world, and comes to excel in representing certain types and certain colors, and because of his success goes on repeating them.

All these Little Dutchmen were skilful in rendering the surface appearance of things; the texture of hair, of flesh, of silk, satin, and carpet. But of all the group Ter Borch is uniformly most successful in this respect, and he triumphs over all others in the painting of satin. For who has so succeeded in reproducing its color, its folds, its sheen? Metsu alone approaches him, but only now and then. Gerard Dou's satin is too hard and shiny, Netscher's is too much like metal. In view, then, of his supreme skill it is no wonder that Ter Borch loves to paint again and again the satin gown of his favorite model.

Such a gown is seen also in "The Visit." Here again the focus of light is upon the figures; again there is the exclusion of all unnecessary objects; again there is the interpretation of a quiet moment in the lives of people. A gentleman and a lady have come to pay a visit to the dame in white satin, and while his wife gently sips the wine of hospitality the husband talks earnestly to his hostess, emphasizing his remarks with a gesture. Another characteristic feature of Ter Borch is here seen in turning the back of one of the figures to the spectator, thereby enhancing the effect of naturalness, of unstudied art. In this picture the dominating color note is red, but in spite of the vermillion of bed and table and chairs, and in spite of the high sheen of the white satin, the effect is of a quiet harmony which is very tranquilizing.

Gabriel Metsu was born in Leyden in 1630, thirteen years later than Ter Borch. He was for a short time a pupil of Gerard Dou, and he seems to have known Jan Steen intimately and to have been influenced by Steen's art in his own pictures of the peasantry and of the market. In 1650 he

removed to Amsterdam where he came under the influence of Rembrandt and where he died at the age of thirty-seven. These are about all the facts of his life we can be sure of, for the rest we must look to his work, for, although he died at so early an age, his artistic output was such that over one hundred and eighty of his pictures are still in existence, whereas from Ter Borch, with his greater span of life, only eighty pictures are left. Ter Borch was not only the first to devote his brush to the life of the upper classes, but he held it exclusively to that class of subjects. Metsu, whose work at its best is as noble and as refined in spirit and in workmanship as Ter Borch's, was more versatile. He painted outdoor as well as indoor scenes, portraits, and, with less success, religious subjects. He depicted not only the wealth and luxury of high life, but also, under the influence of Steen, markets and tavern scenes and the merrymakings of the peasantry. With these, however, he was not so successful as with the more elegant subjects. Consequently his work is uneven. For well sustained high quality the palm goes to Ter Borch, but if variety and adaptability count for much Metsu is the greatest of the group. He is, moreover, the most human of the group. If he follows the incomparable Rembrandt at a distance, he still follows him more closely than any of his fellow artists in versatility, and in human and spiritual insight. Some of the host of genre painters who flourished at this time seem to introduce human figures as so much bric-a-brac of interest for color, texture, and play of light. Metsu seems to have been interested in the man within the clothes, and to have interpreted by facial expression, by pose, and gesture the very soul of the sitter. Yet, notwithstanding this greater range and this spiritual insight, Metsu's typical works, such as "An Officer and a Young Lady" remind one of Ter Borch's refined domestic scenes. And this picture seems to stand as evidence that Metsu was a follower of Ter Borch. Here is the same focusing of light on the chief figures, the same air of elegance and refinement, together with a similar skill in the painting of textures. Metsu is sometimes more elaborate, less simple than Ter Borch, but, at his best, as here,

he is as restrained and as refined, while he is often more skillful in the rendering of the effect of atmosphere by gradations of shadow and of tone. Careful as is Ter Borch in balance of arrangement, Metsu seems to lay even greater stress upon it. In "An Officer and a Young Lady" the man is set over against the young lady; the servant boy, with bashful tilt of head as he scrutinizes the officer, balances the table and the vase on the other side; and the little dog, with ears pricked up and nose thrust forward sniffing at the intruder, offsets the cane and gloves. By the incline of the heads and the pose of the bodies the artist subtly suggests the bashfulness of the boy, the gentleness and refinement of the lady, the aristocratic deference of the officer. By such little touches Metsu shows interest in people as people.

Such human sympathy is also apparent in "An Old Toper." This is not a mere portrait, but rather a portrait-study, a portrait with something of the genre element added. The old man as he leans slightly on the barrel, resting his pewter mug on his knee and looking out at the spectator with a blissful expression, is a delightful character study. No less delightful is the quiet color harmony made by the dull red cap trimmed with fur, the warm grey coat and the pewter mug set against the pearl grey background. Unobtrusive as are these two paintings of Metsu they are masterpieces of their kind, perfect examples of great art within small compass.

Without doubt Ter Borch and Metsu are the consummate realists of the Dutch genre painters, the masterworkmen of their group. They are the painters whom we most admire, while De Hooch and Vermeer of Delft are the painters whom we most love. These last are the artists of temperament, the most personal among their contemporaries. They are personal in their vision of nature, in their use of color, in their rendering of mood. Their supreme interest lies in the study of light, the varying and delicate effect of the sun's rays as they fall through casement window and open doors, or steal through heavy curtains, with power to light up a human face, touch a satin garment with gold, or glorify wall and floor of a modest Dutch interior. The two artists do not, as does

Rembrandt, employ chiaroscuro as a means for dramatic expression, as an aid to the interpretation of the spiritual nature, but rather as something worthy of treatment for its own sake, and in their study of light for artistic purposes these painters seem very modern.

The little that is known of Pieter De Hooch is that he was born in Utrecht in 1630, that he was actively engaged in 1653 at The Hague, and that in 1655 his name was inscribed on the membership roll of the Guild of St. Luke at Delft, while later there are traces of him at Amsterdam. Indeed, the great authority on Dutch painting, Bredius, includes De Hooch among the painters who worked mainly at Amsterdam. Such are the meagre facts of the painter's life as known to us. As regards his artistic development, we know that he was influenced by the work of Rembrandt without ever becoming his mere imitator, for he achieved a personal style of great originality. The comparatively early pictures of De Hooch convey a sense of peace, a feeling for the home such as few works in the history of painting can inspire. Witness "The Buttery" in the Rijks Museum. What could be more tranquil, more intimate than this simple interior with the woman and child? How true and how delightful is the action of the servant as she presents the jug for the child to sip! How charming is the gesture of the child, the tilt of her little head! Characteristic of De Hooch's subjects and of his delicate art are the tiled floors and the walls touched with light; and characteristic, too, is the vista of rooms seen through the open door, the windows admitting the sunlight from the glowing court.

"The Country House," on the other hand, is an example of a typical out of doors scene by our artist. Original as is De Hooch in his study of light in interiors, he is equally original in the color tone of his open-air subjects. In "The Country House" the young woman in the foreground is clad in rose color, yellow, and red, her guest with his brownish vest and bright red shoes makes another color note, while the servant scouring tins in the background is brilliant in blue and yellow. The sun shines brightly on the house with its red-tiled roof relieved against an intensely blue sky. It is in

such pictures as these that De Hooch tells the story of the sane and cheerful life of the middle class with directness and simplicity and yet with a lyric quality all his own. Later in his career when he seems to have become more popular he tells the story of the wealthier classes, yet still with his own individual use of color and light.

Jan Vermeer, of Delft, whose name is frequently written Van der Meer, was born in Delft in 1632. He was probably a pupil of Rembrandt's follower, Karel Fabritius, and was later somewhat influenced by Rembrandt himself. It is known that he filled honored positions in his native city where he was accepted as a leader by his fellow artists. This statement of our artist's high position is confirmed by the testimony of a French traveler and art lover of his day, who records that when in 1661 he visited Delft and met Vermeer the latter's vogue was so great that the painter had no pictures in his studio to show him and in order to see one of the master's works the Frenchman had to go to the house of a baker who possessed a single picture of Vermeer, for which he had paid no less a sum than six hundred livres, equivalent to about \$150,—a large amount for those days. Yet, strange to say, in spite of Vermeer's contemporary fame his very name was forgotten fifty years after his death, and during the two centuries following he was entirely neglected, so that his pictures which were to be seen in many of the European collections usually bore the name of De Hooch. Thanks, however, to the painstaking researches of certain French critics it is now possible to enjoy the works by the great painter of Delft and to note the qualities which differentiate them from the works of the other artist.

The "Young Woman Opening a Casement" is eminently typical of Vermeer. He loves a restricted glimpse of an interior, often with a single figure outlined against a grey wall whose space is broken by the rectangular lines of a map. Whereas with De Hooch the light usually comes from more than one source, entering through windows and doors in the background, with Vermeer it nearly always comes through a leaded casement at the left, as in the two paintings here reproduced, and falls equally on dark blue chair, Persian rug, and

soft grey wall. Whereas De Hooch's colors are strong brick reds, a velvety black, naples yellow, and the intense blue of the sky, Vermeer is addicted to a delicate lemon yellow and a cool sky blue. It is this beautiful pale blue such as permeates "The Young Woman Opening a Casement" which one associates with the art of Vermeer and which helps to give the impression of a luminous atmosphere. Vermeer seems to care less for the story than does De Hooch, while his drawing is at once more accurate and more delicate, just as his color is more dainty and refined. Words are hardly necessary to point out how tenderly the light caresses the objects in the pictures of Vermeer, or with what unconscious beauty he invests each trifling act in the quiet dramas of his art. He seems to have a sense of beauty beyond that of his contemporaries and a peculiar sensitiveness to delicate cool colors.

Of the host of painters of domestic scenes in this prolific period of Dutch art the men to whom we have paid but too brief a tribute,—Ter Borch, Metsu, De Hooch and Vermeer, are the greatest. Rembrandt's pupil, Gerard Dou, and Ter Borch's follower, Caspar Netscher, introduce so many details into their pictures that the result is confused. Moreover, their workmanship is too smooth and metallic in appearance. Other painters of the time underline the story to satiety, while still others show the forced gracefulness, the superficial charm that come from an unfortunate Italian influence. But many, even of these minor masters, occasionally produce most worthy works. This whole large group of Dutch painters are the true historians of their period, telling in language plainer than words of the peace that followed the long war, of order, contentment, and of domestic happiness.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Sir Walter Armstrong's. "The Peel Collection and the Dutch School of Painting."

Colt's and Van Dyke's Old Dutch and Flemish Masters.

Masters in Art on Ter Borch, De Hooch, Metsu and Vermeer. 20 cents each.

For passages on Genre Painting in general see "Studies in Pictures," by John C. Van Dyke. Pages 99-110. And Painting in France, by P. G. Hamerton. Pages 57-66. Search and Review Questions, on required Reading will be found in the Round Table Section of this Magazine.

End of C. L. S. C. required Reading, pages 19-79.

The Sainte-Chapelle: A Medieval Shrine

By Edwina Spencer.

ENTERING the royal oratory of the Sainte-Chapelle from the outer world of Paris, one steps across the threshold of nearly eight centuries into "the glamour of an ancient day"—the day of Saint Louis of France and his crusading comrades. For when, through the fallen fortunes of the Byzantine Emperor, King Louis, of godly memory, acquired for France what to the medieval church were priceless treasures—the Crown of Thorns and a fragment of the True Cross,—he charged his architect, Pierre de Montereau, to build for them "a shrine of stone, as elaborately wrought as a piece of gold filigree, tapestried with enamels, illumined with brilliant glass." And "never," comments a modern writer, "was royal wish better understood or better executed." In 1245 the king laid the corner-stone; and within the incredibly short space of three years the architect had completed his marvelous work—then, as now, the most beautiful royal oratory in the world.*

It stands in the heart of Paris, where the "Île de la Cité" teems with ancient memories; a little structure enshrined in that "vast complexus of buildings," the Palais de Justice. In ancient times, when Paris was but a muddy village, this site was occupied by the Roman governors; and later arose here the palace of the kings of France, of which only a few portions besides the Sainte-Chapelle exist, since the disastrous fires of 1776. Preserved as by a miracle through the rough usage of the Revolution and the Commune, the chapel of Louis IX emerged more or less mutilated, but with the glorious windows largely intact; and no other such example remains to us of a typical thirteenth century interior. Its restoration, decided upon in 1837, was admirably accomplished during

*This claim is sometimes made for the Palatine Chapel in Palermo, Sicily, which is lined with exceedingly rich and beautiful medieval mosaics. The Sainte-Chapelle, however, unites unusual architectural beauty with fine mural decoration and priceless medieval glass, achieving an effect unsurpassed among royal oratories.

the succeeding twenty years by architects of profound knowledge and devotion to their task.

Its name, "Sainte-Chapelle," is the generic one which was used in the Middle Ages for churches built to contain important relics, or erected upon ground consecrated by martyrdom. Though several such chapels, of much beauty, still survive, that of Paris has long out-shone them all, and is known simply as "The" Sainte-Chapelle. Today we see it practically as its creator delivered it to his sovereign; a precious piece of Gothic art, so delicately and perfectly proportioned, so carven without and so gemmed within, that no jewel-casket or reliquary was ever more exquisite.

The fine exterior makes an instant appeal by its buoyant simplicity, elegance of line, and rich, yet restrained decoration. The photograph reproduced here shows it surrounded by confusion incident to repairs which were being made in the adjoining law courts of the Palace of Justice; but we may gain from it some idea of the exterior decoration; the elaborately carved railings, the turrets surrounded by sculptured crowns of thorns, the decorative angel's figure upon the apex of the roof, and the remarkably graceful spire. But the distinctive architectural feature of the building is its construction in *two stories* corresponding to those of the palace adjoining; thus giving the royal family direct access from its galleries to the upper chapel devoted to their use, and separating it from the lower one which was designed for various officers and attendants of the royal household. Each story is fronted by a quaintly sculptured porch.

Standing before the building we can watch the French lawyers, distinguished-looking in their robes, pass back and forth across the little court, and can glance over at the steps trodden by Dreyfus during his trial. But as we turn to the wonderful little shrine of St. Louis, these present surroundings fade, and the eyes of our mind suddenly open on the heart of Paris centuries ago. We see the King, who was also saint and warrior, moving stately through the streets of his little city—(the capital which had been walled and paved by his grandfather, and only then transformed from the condition

which gave it its Roman name of "Mud-Town"); founding here hospitals, hospices, asylums and refuges for the blind, providing public aid for his people, as well as carrying on large works of private charity. And we remember how the scathing pens of the French philosophers of the eighteenth century dealt leniently with his taste for relics in view of these many benevolences! We recall how the wee boy of seven, left fatherless by the death of Louis VIII, was trained by his widowed mother to meet worthily the great responsibilities of kingship, and how, as a lad of eleven, he took his place upon the throne of France. We watch him going out to battle and returning victorious, and later, in his militant Christianity, entering upon the Crusades. In these old palace precincts how vividly he appears before us, riding in and out, talking with his good friend Robert Sorbon, the founder of the famous French University, or laughing with Sire de Joinville, that sprightly and delightful writer of the early French tongue!

Yet here, at the threshold of the oratory where he worshipped, we think of St. Louis most frequently as accompanied by the majestic figure of his mother, that noble Blanche of Castille, whose name is like an echo of her son's, so closely were their lives at one. A Spanish princess, daughter of Alfonso IX, King of Castille, when she married Louis VIII she became one of the great queens of France; and it was her spiritual teaching that built up her son's remarkable character. During his minority she ruled the kingdom—not as regent, but as the king's guardian; his name alone appeared in governmental matters, but it was her courage, energy and good sense, combined with amazing tact and intuition, that preserved France through those troublous years.

As Louis grew to manhood and came to justify all her hopes, she was rewarded by her intense pride and joy in him; his splendor of soul matched her own. Theirs was a solemn leave-taking, when in 1249 he set out for the Holy Land, for Blanche felt a premonition that she should never see him again, or have the comfort of greeting him on his triumphal return. Several years passed, during which the king met many disasters



Blanche of Castile, Queen of France, Wife of Louis VIII, and Mother of Saint Louis. Born 1187—died 1252. Her coat-of-arms was emblazoned beside his own throughout the Sainte-Chapelle, built by her son, Louis IX.



Saint Louis (1215-1270), King of France as Louis IX (1226-1270). Builder of the Sainte-Chapelle.

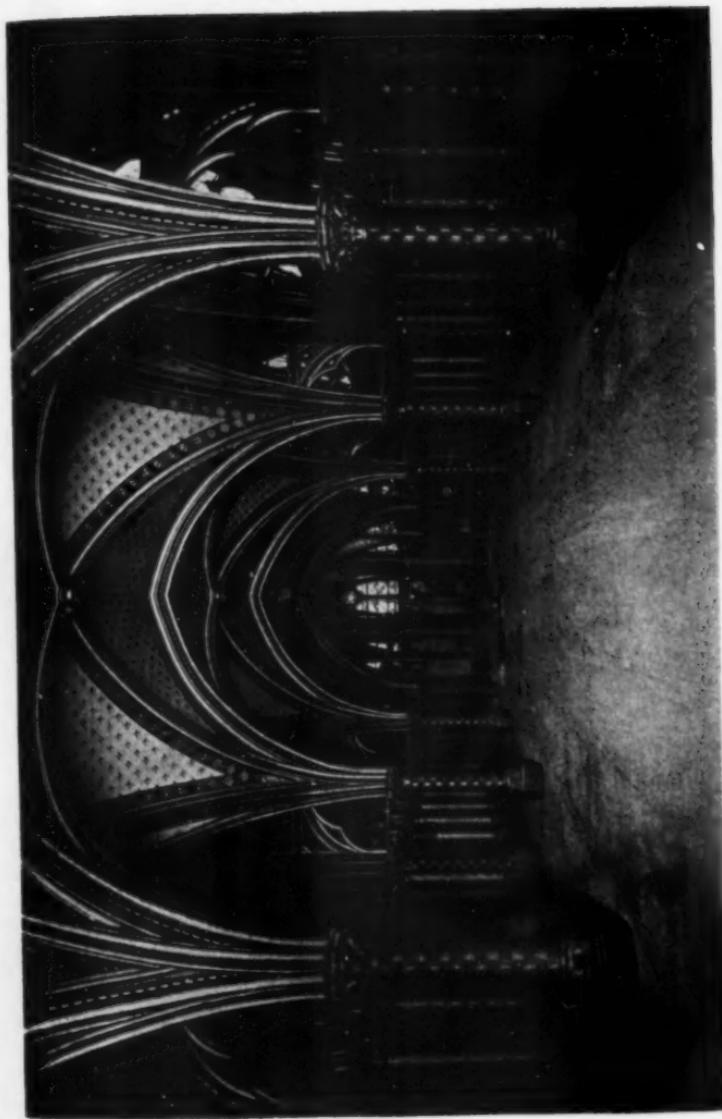
and long imprisonment; and his mother's death, three years after his departure while he was still in the East, made the final home-coming a sorrowful one for the devoted son.

Since its restoration, the Sainte-Chapelle has become an "historic monument," and is open to the public from eleven in the morning until four or five in the afternoon. About two o'clock is, however, the best hour; and it is important to choose the very brightest day that Paris skies afford one, because of the unfortunate darkening of both the lower and upper chapels by surrounding buildings. The disastrous fire which in 1776 damaged adjoining parts of the Palace of Justice, was followed by inexcusably blundering repairs; the architects deliberately shutting off most of the light from the lower, and also in a lesser degree from the upper chapel.

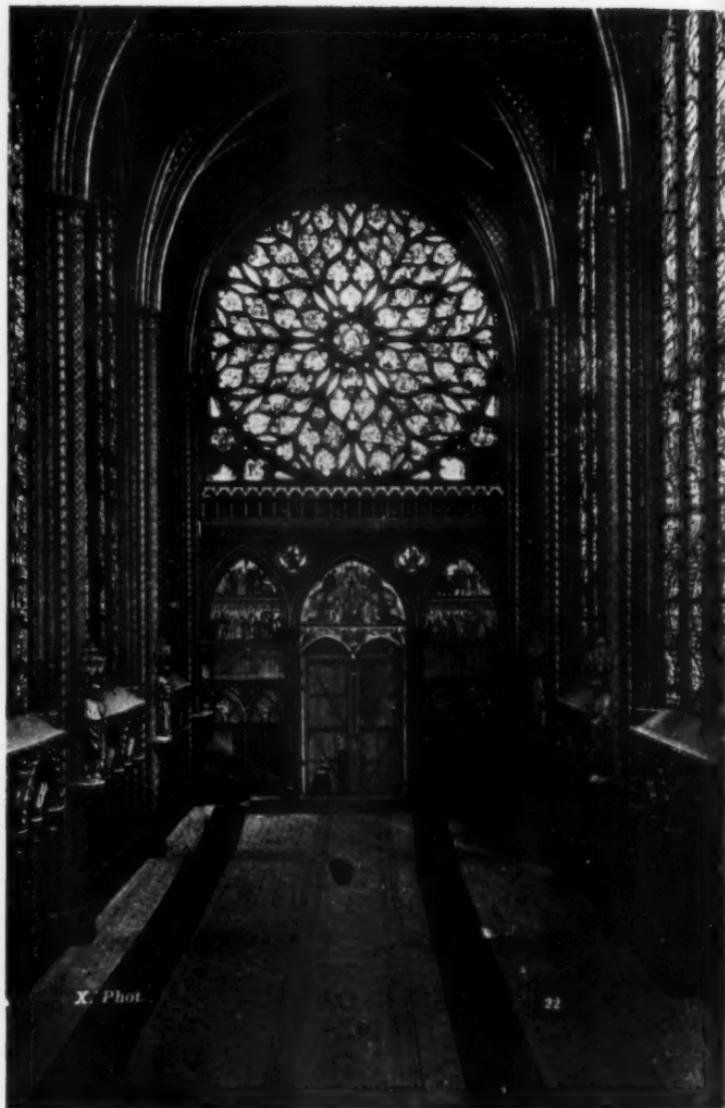
Present-day pilgrims enter by way of the lower chapel, where worshipped the many minor officials of the king's household; and not through the door from the adjoining corridors of the palace, which gave the royal family direct access to the upper floor. Crossing the lower porch, we find ourselves in what seems almost like a crypt, owing to the poor light; but as our eyes become accustomed, we discover how gorgeous an interior this is, clothed from floor to ceiling in color and gold. Forty columns, their tops wreathed with carved foliage, support the rather low vaulting, which is starred with the lilies of France. The shafts of the columns are decorated with the heraldic device (three castles) of Blanche of Castille,—Louis having combined his mother's insignia with his own throughout the building. Despite its rich reds and blues, there is no hint of gaudiness in the simple vivid coloring; it is like a Gregorian chant.

This forms, however, but a prelude to the more varied harmonies of the royal chapel above. One mounts a tiny spiral stair in the wall, and then the soul sensitive to color finds itself in the land of faery, mystical with the pageantry of storied windows, hung with azure, rose and gold, overshot with amber lights and ruby fires. The room is a long parallelogram rounded at its eastern end.* Our eyes may sweep from the great "rose" over the entrance, around an unbroken series of fifteen immense windows, which enclose the whole chapel in walls of painted glass. By skilfully throwing the great weight of the roof upon the outside buttresses, the medieval architect was able to reduce his walls to the thickness of mere pillars, and to achieve by means of immense windows, the effect of a room composed of transparent enamels through which the sun might play with marvelous beauty. The majestic curves of the vaulting bend down to meet the five great columns attached to the wall between the windows, each column springing from the floor in a single superb sweep of more than fifty feet.

*The upper chapel is one hundred and fifteen feet long, by thirty-six wide. Its height is sixty-six feet; that of the windows forty-nine.



The Lower Chapel. This was once a blaze of color and gold, but has been deprived of proper lighting by adjacent buildings.



The Upper Chapel. Entrance end, showing the great Rose-window, placed here in the XV Century, containing designs illustrating the Book of Revelations.



The Upper Chapel. Chancel end, showing the canopy, beneath which rested the shrine containing the sacred relics. The embrasures in the wall at either side were for the special use of the king and queen during services.

The chancel end is spanned by a row of seven arches, the wide central one supporting a platform upon which stands a large canopy of carved wood. Beneath this the relics rested and were displayed on solemn festivals. From its elevation, this magnificent shrine, blazing with precious stones, dominated the whole chapel and shone almost unearthly in the prismatic radiance from the windows. The shrine was approached by two tiny wooden stairways at the back, and one of these remains from St. Louis's day; many times his feet have mounted it in order that he might himself display the relics to the worshippers. The picture this thought calls up gives rise to another recollection of the king, when before the chapel was built he brought these religious treasures to Paris; it is easy to imagine the brilliant processions in 1239 and 1241, when the king piously walked barefoot through the streets of the city carrying the newly received relics on his shoulders, assisted by his brother, the Comte d'Artois.

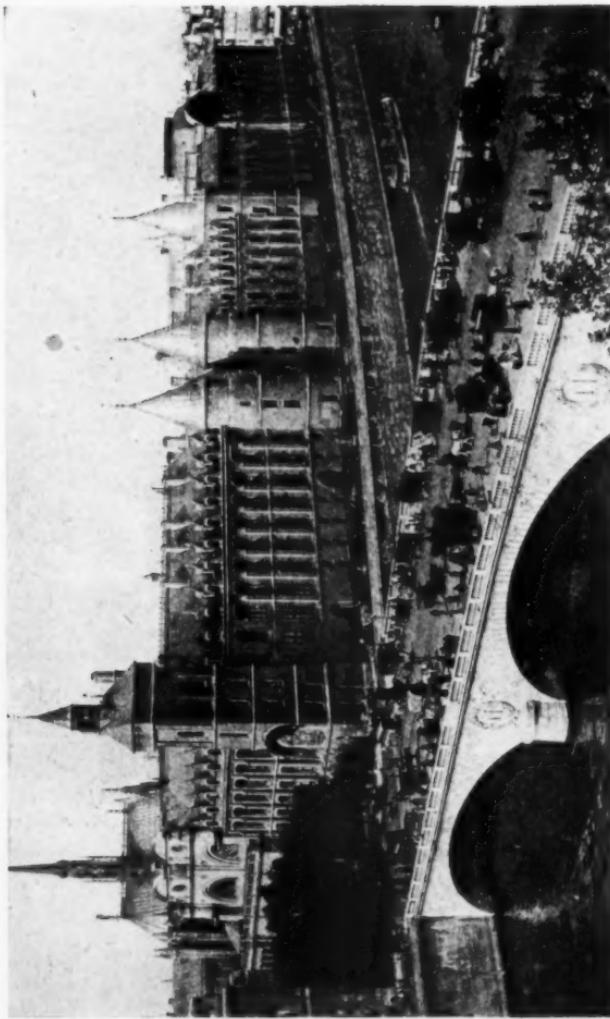
Three-fourths of the chapel's height is brilliant with windows; below them, the remaining fourth is enriched by elaborate arches, a multitude of lovely curves connecting the many slender pillars. The floor is of delicately tinted mosaic, upon which strips of carpet are now laid to protect it from the feet of sightseers. The vaulting is deep blue sown with golden stars; the high columns which support it alternate in color, one bearing the gold "fleur-de-Louis" of the king upon a diamonded blue ground, and the next a red diamond pattern with the gold castle of his mother's device. Indeed, the lily and castle are everywhere in evidence, combined in the decoration of parts of the vaulting, blazing in the ground-work of the windows, and embellishing the two shallow spaces in the side walls which formed recesses for the seclusion of the royal personages.

Not a foot of the interior is without some exquisite colored decoration; and to the whole jewel-enwoven fabric a last touch of beauty is added by twelve fine statues of the Apostles fastened to the window columns.

The whole mural decoration is, however, subordinated to the windows, serving them as a frame; and the windows are



Exterior of the Sainte-Chapelle. Notice the effect of lightness and daintiness combined with extreme solidity which makes it an architectural masterpiece.



The Palais de Justice, Paris, showing the Sainte-Chapelle at the left of the picture. The bridge is the famous Pont au Change, rebuilt in 1859 on the site of one of the oldest bridges in Paris. The clock-tower at the corner of the building dates from 1298, the clock being probably the oldest public clock in France.

priceless examples of French glass at the zenith of its perfection. They were all in place when the building was consecrated in 1248, except the rose-window, which dates from the fifteenth century, and is not so fine as the others. They are "medallion" windows, each depicting a series of sacred events in a corresponding number of variously shaped medallions, upon a conventional ground-work. Their subjects cover the whole of Sacred Writ, beginning with the Book of Genesis and continuing through Exodus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Judges, the lives of the Kings and of the Prophets. From that point the New Testament is given with equal detail; the lives of Christ, of the Virgin Mary and of Saint John the Evangelist,—as well as the Heavenly Jerusalem, to which the rose-window is devoted. Sixty-seven of the subjects have to do with the acquisition of the relics; with their journey, their reception and their display before the people. These are perhaps most precious, as they give us portraits by contemporary artists of the Comte d'Artois, Blanche of Castille, and St. Louis himself.

This host of animated scenes is full of interest—a whole world of little figures in action, living, moving, and almost talking to us across the lapse of time. It forms a tremendous conception of religious story; and it has been well said that after taking us back to the origin of things and the creation of the world, these wonderful medallions conduct us down the ages, and, closing with the Book of Revelations, usher us even into the bosom of eternity!

We may go out from the chapel of St. Louis into other historic portions of the Palace of Justice and follow the French nation from century to century. We may look down the sombre passages leading to the Cour de Mai, through which passed more than twenty-seven hundred victims of the Revolution; and in the Conciergerie, which occupies the lower part of the building, adjoining the river, we may visit the cell in which Marie Antoinette was imprisoned. On the upper floor is the chamber where the Revolutionary tribunal met and passed her death sentence; and near her cell below is that of Robespierre. Outside is the bridge occupying the site of the

old Pont au Change which was flanked with the shops of goldsmiths and money-changers; it leads across the Seine to that modern portion of the city, on the right bank of the river, which harbors the present business and fashion of Paris,—the finest boulevards, hotels, theaters, and shops. But the old town on the left bank which cherishes Notre Dame and the Sainte-Chapelle is still full of ancient traditions. Here is the Sorbonne, in the Latin quarter, and here also is the Quartier St. Germain containing the residences of the old aristocracy.

Yet, after dwelling upon the historic memories in other parts of the Palace of Justice, we find ourselves drawn back again to the beauties of the Sainte-Chapelle, and we suddenly realize that here the years have left us more than memories. Art in its most wonderful creative mood has triumphed over time; and did we know nothing of St. Louis or his period, the infinite loveliness of this little chapel would give us almost an equal delight. Through the artists, whom he inspired to such achievement, Louis unconsciously mirrored his own "splendor of soul"; symbolizing the force and beauty of his Christian faith, as well as the richness of his spiritual nature.

The glorious reds and blues of the ancient glass fill the silent room with colored light, and their glow seems to re-people it with the brilliant scenes of medieval monarchy. The ladies who knelt beneath these jeweled windows, and who were radiant as the flowers in a French parterre, the knights shining in bright armor, gay with embroidered devices, the pages, squires and crusaders, who formed a rainbow-hued concourse at joust or worship, ceased long ago their devotions in the Sainte-Chapelle! Yet it still invites us with incomparable charm to do homage at the shrine of immortal art.

The Summer Christmas

By Maarten Maartens.

[The following story reprinted by permission of the author and his publishers, Appleton & Co., is one of the best of a volume of short stories entitled "My Poor Relations." These tales of Dutch peasant life display much of the excellent method of the French masters of the short story, and have, as well, a kindness and sympathy too often lacking in the work of the French writers. Mr. Maartens (J. M. W. Van der Poorten-Schwartz) is the greatest of living Dutch authors, but by reason of his ability to write in English has a wider circle of readers in England and America, than in Holland itself.]

IT IS an old story, forgotten long ago, I think, in that quiet corner of the world which saw it happen. A touching story it has always seemed to me, and strangely quaint; but that, perhaps, may only be because to me its memory remains indissolubly blended with recollections of the place in which I used to hear it told me, because the soft voice of the teller must ever be to me the music of the tale. For me alone is this: why should I seek, then, to intrude it upon others? To them it will be a passing incident, printed, paid for (a tenth part of a sixpence), sliced between two others, yawned over for five minutes and forgot. Now to me it is the changeless Nowel, the young anthem of the angels around the cradle of the Saviour of the world. And again I hear my mother speaking, in the wainscot chamber with the painted panels, in the half light of the fire-logs, and her face, hear her telling, with a voice like distant church bells, all the story, how it happened, with but little alteration, many winter evenings, almost word for word. The voice is stilled. The winter evenings were long and cold and dark. They are longer now.

I said the story is an old one. That must be true. For one thing, there are no Counts Edelstam in Holland now; the family has died out, and the simple customs among which they lived are also dead or dying. All this I know. Yet to me

the story is so fresh and new it might occur tomorrow. The oldest thing in a man's life (and they say it is the last) is the memory of his mother—daughters may forget: however that be, thank God! to this eternal soul—a-flutter round the flame betwixt two shadows—come some few thoughts that remain untinged by time.

* * * * *

It was on a winter evening that Magda von Malitz arrived at Stamsel—a bitter winter evening, cold and dark as this. The old Count had been expecting her since sunset. The carriage, sent to meet her at the post-house, should have brought her back three hours ago. He sat in the wainscot chamber, where the painted panels are, wondering if some accident could possibly have befallen the horses. The suggestion troubled him. He rang for Peter.

“Peter, do you think that anything can have happened to—the young Baroness?”

“I do not think so, Mynheer the Count.”

“And why not, pray?” asked the old gentleman testily.

“Oh! if you wish it, of course, Mynheer the Count.”

Count Edelstam took snuff. He used to be a long time about taking snuff.

“Traveling is not so dangerous—” began the old servant, who never spoke unless spoken to, except when he thought he had gone too far.

“*What?*” His master stopped, amazed, with uplifted pinch.

“As it used to be, I was going to say.”

“That is true. Now, when I went to Paris”—the old gentleman snuffed, shook his head and waited—“yet that was before the Revolution!” He presented his mull to the servant, a thing he never did by daylight.

“Your Nobleness could not go now,” said Peter.

“Peter, you presume. Mind your own business,” replied the Count with vivacity. For that subject was a sore one, as will readily appear.

“Still I wish she had arrived,” said the Count.

“So she has,” said the servant.

"What on earth do you mean?" said the Count.

"I hear the carriage in the courtyard," said the servant.

"Then why the devil can't you speak?" said the Count.

"I did not wish to presume," said the servant.

"You are the curse of my life," exclaimed the Count, running out into the hall.

"And its blessing," said, preparing to follow, the servant.

Magda von Malitz was being ushered up the marble steps from the great doorway. She was very young, with a lot of fair hair, and big blue eyes. She must have looked charming under her traveling-hood.

She dropped a deep curtsey to the stately old gentleman, her uncle, in the cloud of white hair (was it powdered?) and splendid lace ruff. He took her by the hand with a few words of greeting, and led her into the parlour.

"You are like your mother," he said, lifting the lamp shade to gaze at her. "Why did she go all the way to Austria? It is too far."

"The foot goes where the heart leads it, my uncle," said Magda, and dropped another curtsey.

"Tut, tut. Well, she died there; it is seven years ago."

"Eight years, my uncle," said Magda.

"Tut, tut. You mustn't contradict me. Nobody contradicts me here."

Magda dropped another deep curtsey. There must lie little satisfaction, she reflected, in pretending to be right. But she only said—

"And where is my Uncle Robert, Uncle Charles?"

"Your Uncle Robert is away," replied Uncle Charles. And he coughed a great deal, and cleared his throat, and choked.

"Away?"

"And why not, pray?" said the old gentleman sharply.

"My mother has told me you always lived together, that was all," she answered, with eyes full of innocent surprise; "six months here at Stamsel, six months at Bardwyk, four miles off."

"It is four and a half," said Count Edelstam.

"And she had never known you two days apart. I have often heard her say that. When, please, is he coming back?"

"You ask too many questions, my niece," replied the Count. "You are a stranger here. You could ask questions forever. My housekeeper will show you to your apartment. After that, pray come down and have some supper."

"Forgive me," she said, "I hardly feel myself a stranger. I used to hear about you and Uncle Robert every day while mother was alive."

He solemnly kissed her on the forehead.

"You will be happy here, I trust," he said. "We will do everything to make you happy. It is a quiet place, but so is Bardwyk; and neither of them is quieter than your convent at Plauensee."

"I am happy to be rid of school. I am happy to be here," said Magda, departing under care of Vrouw Slomp.

The old Count turned abruptly to his servant. "Now that is very strange, is it not?" he said, "that she should begin by asking after Robert."

"Not so very strange, if your Nobleness comes to consider. Evidently the young lady knows more of what happened before than of what has occurred in the last six years."

"Well, go and live with my brother Robert," replied Count Karel inconsequently.

"As your Nobleness pleases. Shall I send you my brother Paul?"

The one old man looked in the other's imperturbable face. Then they both had snuff; and while they were enjoying it, Magda came back. Her hair was all about her brow in curls and ringlets; her dark frock, high-waisted, after the fashion of the period, suited the trimness of her graceful figure. She was all dimples and sweetness and smiles.

"Now to prove that I am no stranger," she said gaily, "I will tell you about that snuff-box, Uncle Karel, which you have got in your hand. It has a stag chased on top of it, silver-gilt, with two rubies for eyes."

"Dear, dear, it is time you came home," he said, laughing. "Yet, my dear, you were never in the Netherlands before."

"Still they are home," she answered gravely. "I never knew my Austrian father; my mother has been dead so long. Brabant has always seemed my fatherland; mother wished me to think so. She never tired of telling me about her life before her marriage. Uncle Karel, I was so sorry you could not have me a month earlier, before Christmas. I should have liked, above all things, to be present at the 'Peace-making.' I had been looking forward to it. Of course, my Uncle Robert was here for that?"

"My dear, I must go and wash my hands for supper," said Uncle Karel, and he hastily beat a retreat. From one of the panel-chamber's many gloomy corners old Peter came forward into the shaded light.

"Young Freule," he said, "you will excuse me, but the name of your Uncle Robert is never mentioned in this house."

"Why, Peter," cried the girl, "whatever do you mean? And where is Paul?"

"Paul, an it please your Nobleness, has gone with Count Robert to Bardwyk; they live there always now. Six years ago our masters quarreled; they have never met or spoken since."

"Quarreled?"

"It came on about a journey—quite unexpectedly, as one may say. They had always been the best of friends, though very different characters. My master is quick and kind-hearted. Count Robert is slow—but la! he's kind-hearted too."

"I know," said the girl impatiently; "but the quarrel? What quarrel?"

Old Peter peered out of his little grey eyes. "Your Nobleness knows a deal," he said. "They'd been planning their journey for months, but they always squabbled over it. Count Robert, he wanted to go to Paris; he'd never been out of the country at all. Count Karel had been, as a young man, with me, thirty-nine years ago come next June, and he wouldn't go again, for the one place he'd been to was to Paris. La! what a time we had in Paris! It was just before the outbreak of the great Revolution; 'tis a wonder I'm here to tell the tale!"

That was Peter's stereotyped expression at this stage of his story. You were now expected to request further details.

"They quarreled!" said the Freule, speaking as in a dream.

Peter knit his bushy eyebrows. "After what we had gone through, I cannot be surprised at my master's decision," he said.

"But there was no revolution six years ago in Paris! Revolutions are done."

"There might have been," said Peter emphatically; "any time. The people that did what the French did in '89—do you know what they did to the Dauphin?"

"Yes," said the girl softly.

"Dear, dear, they shouldn't teach young ladies such things. And to thousands of innocent women! No wonder Count Karel will never go to Paris again. No, *he* wanted to visit London! Count Robert refused to hear of London, because the English have taken the Cape of Good Hope."

"That, also, I can understand," remarked Magda.

"They had frequently quarreled about the matter, amiably, as we fancied, but one evening, suddenly, they grew violent. They were rude to each other." Old Peter's voice dropped to a whisper. "Words fell between them—in fact, in the presence of us servants, they called each other names. I should not tell you, but that it is necessary you should understand. It is not the quarrel, it is *that* which one cannot forgive the other. Each refused to apologize; both were in fault. Count Robert left for Bardwyk that night with my brother. There has been no communication between the two houses since."

"But the Peace-making!" cried Magda, the tears in her eyes. "Surely they must meet at the Peace-making!"

"Hush! I hear my master's step! Neither has been present at the Peace-making, Freule, since the Christmas before the quarrel."

At this juncture Count Karel entered, and, offering his hand, led Magda to the supper table. The soft light of the candles fell from massive candlesticks; there were glittering

glass and snowy napery and simple fare. They ate almost in silence, with formal question and answer about the journey. It was only when the oranges and walnuts were put on the table that Count Karel said what he wanted to say.

"It has been arranged," he began, looking down on the crackers he was carefully adjusting, "that you will spend six months of the year with me and six at Bardwyk. I shall ask you to leave for Bardwyk on the 31st of June. Meanwhile, please let us avoid the subject."

She laid her head upon the tablecloth and sobbed.

"Don't," said Count Karel; his voice trembled.

"I—I can't help it. Please forgive me. It is so different from the home-coming I had expected."

"You cannot miss anything. You had never seen either of us, Magda!"

"I—I know. But I have loved you both ever since I can remember. Mother taught me to. And she said your love for each other was the blessing of the neighborhood. It had taught you to institute the Peace-making—"

"Silence!" said Count Karel in a voice of thunder. Its tones rang through the lonely house. Old Peter crept up anxiously and peeped through the door.

That was the end of Magda's first evening at Stamsel. Many days and evenings followed—cold, quiet, comfortable, uniformly dull. At least they got dull when she realized their uniformity. A silence hung over the house—a beautiful old house, full of art treasures, many of the present lord's collecting. Everything was in absolute order under Peter's most absolute rule. The housekeeper was a nonentity. Magda was a guest. In the clockwork machinery of the house no hitches occurred except such as the master occasionally provoked. Count Karel's temper was quick. He believed in, although he detested, scolding. He even scolded Peter. Peter ruled him with a rod of iron.

"The house is silent," said Magda ruefully. She obtained, by not asking for it, permission to drive over to Bardwyk from time to time. The latter was a smaller edifice, a tiny castle, still more valuably furnished, not with art curios, but

with beautiful sixteenth-century furniture in its original place. Nothing much lay between the two properties but a stretch of bleak Brabant country, dotted over with stunted trees. Connected with each place was a ragged village; here and there a stray house lay lost. Half-way stood the church, in almost desolate loneliness, with the dwelling house of the priest.

And so Magda got to know her Uncle Robert. He very much resembled his elder brother, but in a quieter way; there was not the eagle flash of the eye; there was a stronger, squarer chin. Count Robert was a bookworm, perfectly content among county histories, local and provincial and family chronicles, oddities and quiddities, notes and queries, intellectual parings and fringes, and rubbish of every sort. He liked his niece to sit by him, working tapestry. "But I miss my billiards," he exclaimed one day, suddenly, looking up from van Leeuwen's *Batavia Illustrata*. She did not ask him to explain the "but," or the aggressive denial in his tone. "Do you play billiards, Magda?"

"No, Uncle Robert; they did not teach us in the convent," replied Magda demurely, bending over her work.

"My dear, they were very right. When you come here you must learn to play at billiards, and also at backgammon."

"Uncle Karel and I play backgammon of evenings," said Magda. "He plays beautifully."

"H'm—but not with proper caution. Backgammon, of all games, requires caution."

"Does it?"

"I shall prove to you that it does when we play together. My dear, it wants a long time till the 31st of June."

"This is the 17th of April," was Magda's only answer.

His pride prevented his asking her whether she looked forward to the transmigration, yet he would have given a good deal to know.

"It is time for me to go home," said Magda. That final word invariably annoyed him. But he quietly rang the bell and asked for the Freule's carriage.

Old Paul stood in the doorway, a stouter replica of Peter, with a redder nose and whiter hair.

"An't please your Nobleness," said Paul, "Thys cannot drive the Freule back tonight." Thys was the Stamsel coachman.

"It does not please my nobleness at all," replied Count Robert. "Pray what is the matter with Thys?"

"Thys has been suddenly taken ill," said Paul, with a grin and a side glance towards the Freule.

"Drunk, of course," said the Count with quiet triumph.

"An't please your Nobleness, no," said Paul, with still greater satisfaction.

"Then what *is* the matter, out with it!"

"I hardly like to tell before the Freule," said Paul, with beaming face and fidgety feet. "I am not at all sure that the Freule will approve. But, to speak the truth Mynheer the Count, there's been a fight between Thys of Stamsel and one of our Bardwyk men, and Thys has been beaten all to pieces."

"Which of our men?" asked old Count Robert, buried in *Batavia Illustrata*.

"Red-headed Joris, the stable-boy."

"The rogue ought to be ashamed of himself." Count Robert's head suddenly emerged from the book. "You will not give him a gold piece Paul; do you hear? I will not have it."

Magda had risen. "No one need ask what the quarrel was about," she said sadly.

"My dear, it is only natural that servants should stick up for their masters."

"And the masters?" She looked him full in the face. His eyes fell. "I can drive myself home tonight," she said. "But I very much fear this will prevent my ever coming again."

Her uncle followed her. "You can have a boy from here," he said. "Magda, listen. You are right. Tell your uncle that I much regret this incident, and that Thys (whom I have always liked, but that is neither here nor there) shall have every care and comfort. Nothing more, child—do you hear? and nothing less. Good-night!"

She drove back with an exultant Bardwyk boy behind her. Her heart, by nature light, was very heavy. At the

pastorage-house, half-way, she paused, and going in, sat down by the old priest's side.

"You love them as much as I," she said.

"Boy and man," replied the old priest meekly, "I have known them fifty years."

"How long ago is it, reverend father, that they instituted the 'Peace-making'? Tell me all about it; you have never told me before."

"Child, I think I have told you everything. It was twenty years ago, when your mother, who was so much younger than they, married and went to live in Austria. Your mother, as you know, did not marry early; she had long kept house for them. When she was gone, they said—and I think they were right—there seemed to be many more fights and squabbles among the people. We Brabanders are always a quarrelsome race, at Kermesses and feasts and funerals, and we love a low contention or a long-drawn family feud. Your mother—God rest her gentle presence—had somehow been a Messenger of Peace. She would go into the cottages and bid the men—and the women!—shake hands. Then, when she was gone, and the fights and contentions grew continuous, your uncle and myself—yes, my dear, I had a share in it (he smiled)—we started the Christmas Peace-making. Once a year, at the Holy Feast of Peace and Goodwill, after the Midnight Mass of the Nativity, we hold a little special service, full of 'Blessed are the Peace-makers,' and we sing the Angels' Song. It is very short and simple. The Bishop gladly gave permission. And then, ere it is over, they who will, shake hands before the altar; some I call by name; with many I have spoken previously; with some I reason, even on the altar-steps. Ah, my dear, it used to be a beautiful service"—the old man sighed heavily—"shedding an especial glory over our Christmastide."

"But it still takes place!"

Father Cordes sighed again. "It still takes place. What will you have? The Manorial pew stands empty on that day. On all other occasions Count Robert goes to a strange church, across the moor! The whole countryside knows of the quarrel. The influence of your uncles is gone. On more than one

occasion in former years Count Karel, rising in his seat, has commanded some resolute wrong-doer to make atonement. And now? Let quarrel who quarrel will. Their masters hate each other. Faithful Thys of Stamsel lies at Bardwyk with a broken head."

"I have done what I could," he said presently; "I have reasoned, I have pleaded. God alone can touch hearts. I am growing very feeble. Freule, my earthly pilgrimage is nearly over. I often feel that I could die in peace if I could see my masters reconciled."

"You will see them reconciled," said Magda suddenly.

"God grant it." She rose.

"Ask Him. Ask Him often," she said.

"I have asked Him every day."

"Then how can it not happen? But ask that it may happen now, dear father, before another Christmas comes."

"It must, if I am to see it—on earth," said the father thoughtfully.

She left him without another word, for she could not have spoken it.

Count Karel was fortunately inclined to take a favorable view of the affray. His natural sweetness came to his assistance, for he was one of those people who are permanently sorry when they have taken offence. So he waited till the assurance that his coachman's injuries were anything but dangerous (and honestly earned), and then he even went so far as to smile. "Give the boy from Bardwyk a pot of beer," he said to Peter, "and see that he has some food before he goes back." He turned in the doorway. "What boy is it?" he added.

"One of Kotter's, the gamekeeper's, Mynheer the Count."

"Well, that's a good litter. I'm glad Count Robert has taken him on. But, my dear Magda, I should say you had better give up going across for the present."

"In all things, dear uncle, I shall do as you think fit."

It took Robert three weeks to write and ask if his niece might pay him another visit. He would not apply direct to her, that being contrary to his ideas of etiquette; so at last he

sent a note: "Count Robert presents his compliments to Count Karel," his logical mind forbidding him to use the phrase "Dear Brother." When she came, "I have missed you *very* much," he said, and sat and read his folio for the rest of the afternoon.

Driving along the untidy road, between the scraggy poplars, she came across the doctor; and she stopped to inquire after Father Cordes, who seemed more feeble than ever of late.

"What will you have," said the doctor coolly. "The man is nearly eighty. He will live through the summer, I should say; but in any case, the autumn damps will kill him."

"That is very sad," remarked the Freule.

"Sad? If you saw what I see in one day, young lady, you would alter your ideas of grief."

"I was thinking of something else," replied the girl, to the doctor's annoyance, and she drove on through the mild May dampness, with grey thoughts in the gathering grey.

"Your uncle is well, I presume?" said Count Karel, when they met at the five o'clock dinner.

"He had a cold."

"He was always subject to colds. He does not pay proper attention to draughts. I merely inquire because, unless his health is equal to the exertion, you could not go to stay with him, dear Magda, in June."

"Do you find me very exhausting?" inquired Magda with a smile.

"I? Far from it. But a guest in a little household like Robert's must cause considerable commotion. Peter manages everything admirably; I should hardly have the same confidence in Paul. And Robert is a bookworm. My dear, if I thought you would not be quite comfortable there, I should not allow you to go." He looked across anxiously: this reflection had frequently been troubling him of late.

"Dear uncle, let us go there together," she said trembling. He did not answer at all, but in the middle of dinner, in his nervousness, took snuff.

"I met the doctor," she began presently, unable to bear the silence any longer. "He says that Father Cordes cannot live through the autumn."

"Doctors always say that," replied Count Karel incontinently. But his mouth twitched.

"He certainly is very old and feeble."

"I shall go and see him tomorrow, and tell him about my vineyard. I am in hopes he will have, this year again, a bunch of grapes on the longest day." Count Karel spoke with unconcealed vaingloriousness; in those days that was a great achievement. Count Karel loved his greenhouse.

Next morning he went and told the priest, and the old man answered: "Count Karel, I thank you kindly. But oh, 'tis a branch of olive you should bring me first of all." The Lord of the Manor walked home in a rage, but several days elapsed before he remarked to Magda: "Yes, undoubtedly, Father Cordes is not very well just now. It is probably a passing indisposition."

"Poor, dear old man," said Magda.

"He is not so very old. He is not yet eighty." A long pause. "True, you are eighteen."

"Uncle, supposing the doctor were right? Supposing the father were not to get better." Magda stood looking out of the window. "Supposing he were to meet my mother, and—and—uncle, my mother never *knew*."

"How dare you?" exclaimed Count Karel, and walked out of the room.

"You are right in so far," said Count Robert two days later. "I have much respect for your judgment, Magda; for a woman's it is singularly sound. My brother has never sufficiently considered the importance of even our least significant actions, with an eye to the peasantry around. It is a mistake I have often pointed out to him, when we were—in the habit of conversing. Now this subject you have occasionally referred to, of our living together or separately—in itself it is a matter of slight signification (we have two houses)—but it has its exceedingly objectionable side."

"I am so glad to hear you say that, dear uncle," said Magda fervently.

The old man blinked his eyes. "I am alluding," he explained hastily, "to the Christmas Peace-making. Viewed with an eye to the Peace-making, it is illogical, absurd. I have often thought that. It is absurd. Now, supposing I was present, by accident, at the Peace-making, from a simple consciousness of absurdity, I should have to get up and take Karel's hand."

"You would forgive?" she panted.

"My dear, you are not as reasonable as I expected. No. Before my servant my brother called me 'an idiot.' To accept that epithet would be to render my position untenable."

"Paul! He is deaf. I am sure he never heard it. Have you asked him?"

"It is not a subject one discusses with one's servant," said Count Robert stiffly.

She came up to him with an arch imperiousness and rang the little handbell by his side.

"My dear, you forget yourself!"

"Trust me," she said pleadingly, "not to do that."

And when Paul came in—"Paul," she began, "I think you have omitted—"

"I beg your pardon, Freule," interposed the old servant promptly. "I can't hear what you say."

"To do something I asked you the other day," shouted the Freule.

"I never heard you. I'm getting deaf. But I was always deaf. What was it Freule?"

"Paul," interrupted Count Robert suddenly. "The last time I conversed with my brother, did you happen to hear what passed?"

Magda cast the old servant, who adored her, a quick glance of intelligence.

"Not a word, Mynheer the Count," said Paul. "How could I? Why, that's but six years ago. I was quite as deaf then as now."

"You may go," said Count Robert calmly. "My dear, I was under the impression that we shouted. I am glad we spoke like gentlemen. Perhaps it was not as much of a quarrel as we thought. Still, he was very rude to me. I can never forgive him. But I admit that the Christmas Peace-making has become ridiculous. I miss my billiards, Magda; I hope you will develop an aptitude for the game. It is a logical game. I wish July was here; I am looking forward to your coming."

Magda went back to her Uncle Karel. She found him in a state of exultation. He had just secured, by chance, from an itinerant pedlar, a rare piece of genuine old Delft. He lingered in front of his show-cases, and she observed that he especially attracted her attention to the acquisitions of the last half-dozen years. "It is a pity," he said more to himself. "Robert was a very fair judge of a curio. Now you, Magda, you do your best, dear; you do your very best."

"Uncle Karel," said Magda, "in a few weeks I shall be going to Bardwyk for good."

"Till the 31st of December," corrected the Count, with annoyance. "I cannot help it. I am exceedingly vexed. I shall miss you most dreadfully. Do not agitate me Magda. I am the elder; you cannot expect me to take the first step."

"The second?" begged the girl, with her arm round his neck.

"Nor the second. He called me an idiot before my servant. Me, the head of the family—no man would stand that."

"But, dear uncle," said Magda, half laughing. "You called him an idiot too!"

"In the *second* place, Magda, I called him an idiot, most certainly. I was right. He was an idiot. As far as that goes, we were both idiots."

"In that case, dear uncle, you, with your natural perspicacity—forgive your little niece; Uncle Robert is so deliberate, so logical, but he is very much slower in coming to a conclusion than you—you, with your quickness, your keenness of perception, I am sure you would have realized the situation,

would have expressed your opinion of it much sooner than he."

"Dear me, there is something in that!" said Count Karel. "You think I must have been the first to discover he was an idiot?"

"I am sure of it," replied Magda demurely, and kissed her uncle's hand.

Count Karel took a few steps up the drawing-room and down again. "In any case, I refuse to consider the matter before Christmas," he said. "I refuse absolutely; do you understand? It would be unfair to your Uncle Robert, who has a right to your six months alone with him. It would be *mean*. I do not think I have ever done a mean thing. He would say that was my motive. I refuse absolutely. You will particularly oblige me by not mentioning the subject again."

"You will particularly oblige me," said Uncle Robert next week, "by not mentioning the subject again. I should have no objection to a satisfactory settlement with Karel *pro forma*, though I cannot forget that he erroneously mistook me for an idiot. But I have always resolved that any such form of reconciliation should take place exclusively at Christmastide, at the Peace-making. That ceremony I consider the only *raison d'être* of a truce. Our example, I understand, has had the most disastrous effects. The whole neighborhood is in a more lawless and quarrelsome condition than it ever was before. And no wonder. Logic, after all, rules the world, though short-sighted philosophers deny it. The Peace-making has gone to ruin. There are families that have quarreled for years. But for us to restore it, personally, as we could do, forever, would be humiliating in the extreme. Of late, my dear, I have thought it all out. We have no further choice; we must either remain absurd or become contemptible. I should not object to the Peace-making; but it is forever impossible. Take a book."

Magda went and told the priest and they wept together. "In no case shall I see their reunion!" sighed Father Cordes. "My days on earth are numbered, I cannot live two months."

"I can do no more. I give it up," said Magda, weeping. "Let us speak of other things. There is one thing I have long been wanting to ask you to do for me, father. On the 17th of June is the anniversary of my mother's death. I want you to let us read a Mass for her and to hold a short commemoration service in this church of yours she loved so well."

"I will come myself," said the old man, trembling.

It was during the following night, in a dream, that the great thought came to Magda. Eagerly she went across to Bardwyk, and begged of Count Robert to come. "I loved her dearly," said Count Robert; "I cannot reasonably refuse to be present. Magda, you are a good girl, I would not hurt your feelings. However, I shall not sit in our chairs: You must see I have a seat on the opposite side of the chancel."

Magda stopped at the pastorage, and held a long confabulation with the father. He blessed her at parting, his hand on her sunny young head.

"Your Uncle Robert coming?" said Uncle Charles. "Well, that shall not keep me from being present. We want such a peace-maker here as your mother, my dear. The long feud between two families at Bardwyk ended yesterday, Peter tells me, in a murder."

"God forgive the guilty," said Magda under her breath.

He glanced across at her quickly. "The Father is failing fast," she said.

"He will outlive Robert and me," replied Count Edelstam testily; "but young people always think the old are going to die."

"He will never conduct another Christmas Peace-making," said Magda.

"We shall see when Christmas comes," replied the Count defiantly.

"When Christmas comes," repeated Magda, and she looked away into the pale blue sky. "When Christmas comes."

"You are pledged to reticence," said the Count meaningly, "till Christmas comes."

"Yes," answered Magda, "Christmas."

"When does Christmas come?" she suddenly exclaimed—"Whenever the Lord Christ, surely, is born into human hearts. Christmas! it is the Lord Christ's coming! It is his message of peace and his birth of goodwill!" She passed out into the summer night.

For the ensuing weeks she was busy in the little village church. She renovated it entirely with deft fingers, preparing its ornamentation as if for a festival. When the day approached, its altars shone bright with fresh gilding, new embroideries, a profusion of flowers. All the last afternoon she worked hard, admitting no one. Only Father Cordes lent her assistance. It had been her especial desire that the service should be held at the same solemn hour as the Midnight Mass of Christmas Eve. She had conquered her uncles' opposition. "It was the time of my mother's death," she reminded them.

And thus, when the hour was come, the peasants, for miles around, crept through the balmy stillness of a soft mid-summer midnight to the blazing portal of the little church. In his stall by the high altar, robed and shrouded, white with approaching dissolution, sat the hoary parish priest they had all known all their lives. And, opposite each other, on both sides of the chancel, gazing neither right nor left, but at each other, sat the two Lords of the Manor, the old Counts Edelstam. Between them knelt my mother, thinking of *her* mother, praying as the pure and loving pray for the pure and good. The humble little church was a splendour of lights and roses—white roses, the symbol of peace and of innocent grief. And lo! before the altar in the place where all were accustomed to see it each December, was the presentment of the holy Nativity in the manger, the worship of the shepherds and the princes, the song of the angels, the evangel of Peace.

There was nothing unusual in the service—the Mass for the Dead. It was not until quite towards the conclusion that the unexpected occurred. The old father got up from his seat, and, tottering, came forward. His broken voice rose shrilly, gaining in strength.

"Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall be known as the children of God."

It was the little Christmas service of the Peace-making, falling in where it would have fallen, at the end of the Midnight Mass. When the customary brief allocution was reached, the old priest gasped for breath. In a few simple words he told his hearers that he would never keep Christmas with them again; he had grieved to see how dissensions had increased among them; the recent murder had filled all Christian souls with horror. Once more before God called him away to his rest, he desired to hold among them the wonted festival. He had chosen this anniversary of the death of her to whom the institution owed its origin, the blessed peace-maker that had long been called away from their midst. "But the eternal Prince of Peace is here," said the father: in the utter silence his feeble words fell low. "He is here, and He is waiting for His birth in every heart. And His message is the same, my children, yesterday, tonight, and forever, the message of forgiveness and good-will."

As he ceased speaking, the simple village choir, but little disconcerted, raised the familiar chant of the Heavenly Host, and the whole congregation took it up. As the Christmas Anthem filled the building the two brothers left their places—none has ever distinguished who moved first—and silently crossed the chancel and grasped each other's hands.

The father stood, with arm uplifted, transfigured, upheld.

Out of the congregation, before any other could stir, two old men pushed their way to the front, and, below the chancel steps, Paul and Peter embraced.





Christmas

MODERN scholars have an unpleasant habit of destroying our most cherished illusions. It matters little to them how long an erroneous belief has persisted; their business is to determine its origin in fact and trace its history, thus relieving our minds of prejudice and also, not seldom, of much poetical illusion. Yet the readjustment of opinions which follows such a process is not without compensations. The history of the development of a belief is in itself a fascinating study for the light it throws upon race psychology and the human habit of overlaying facts with poetry, of changing the obvious, the commonplace, into something new and strange. Some such attendant compensation follows the investigations of modern scholarship into the origin and observances of our most cherished festival, that of Christmas.

Most of us have always believed that many of the common practices, the pretty customs of Christmas time, were of Germanic and pagan origin, practices which early Christianity approved as a means of bringing the observance of Christmas in harmony with deep-rooted social customs. This, upon investigation, seems to be only in part true, and a review of history is necessary to show the exact proportion of truth that the general statement contains.

It must be remembered that for several centuries before the conversion of the German tribes to Christianity, Roman influences, Roman law and custom, were dominant in the larger part of Europe and in Britain as well. Germany, Gaul, and Britain were Roman provinces, ruled by Roman governors and garrisoned by Roman legions. The conquered races

occupied a subordinate place; they were vassals to the all-conquering Roman. Through several centuries this Roman rule was maintained, weakening only as the might of Rome failed and the Roman legions were called home to quell domestic disturbances; and during all these centuries the ruling race forced its own laws and customs upon the subject tribes, changing the native customs and manner of life to an extent often hard to determine, but doubtless very considerable. So it was that the Roman festival periods such as the Saturnalia, Brumalia, and the revelries which celebrated the new year, the Ides of January, festivals observed by the Roman legions and the Roman citizens throughout the Empire, were accepted by the tribes of Germany and Britain.

The dates of these important Roman celebrations are of great interest. The Saturnalia, a time of great license and unrestrained hilarity, was observed from December seventeenth to December twenty-third. The Brumalia celebrated December twenty-fifth, our Christmas day, a day which in the Roman calendar was supposed to be the shortest of the year. The New Year's celebration was but a week later. Thus, roughly speaking, the whole latter half of December was one great holiday time, celebrated with many interesting and peculiar observances, many of them decidedly immoral, some of them beautiful.

The festival periods of the German tribes did not at all correspond to those of the Romans. The chief celebration seems originally to have occurred, roughly, during the first half of November, the cattle killing time, when fresh meat was plentiful. This seems also to have corresponded to the Teutonic New Year's festival, the German year ending with the gathering of the crops and the slaughtering of the cattle. The Roman and German holiday periods were thus somewhat at rivalry, the native celebration anticipating by forty days the Roman festivities of the Saturnalia. The two customs, native and foreign, persisted side by side and their relative importance became largely one of emphasis. That the December celebration outstripped its rival is apparent from later developments. That the German celebration in November

persisted far into Christian times is apparent from the recognition accorded it by the church, which, following its usual policy, seized upon this survival from pagan times and made it a matter of church observance by associating with it the celebration in honor of St. Martin. This action of the Church was taken in the middle of the sixth century, November 11 becoming the recognized day of St. Martin, Martinmas.

The action of the Church in this instance is typical of the method it employed in dealing with the other festivals of Roman origin which had been adopted by the German tribes and by the Britons. Impossible to root out, these festival periods were made to coincide with church observances, nowhere more notably than in the instance of Christmas.

The early Church had not been greatly interested in the date of Christ's birth nor in the observance of the day. The Epiphany, which celebrated Christ's baptism in the Jordan, received the entire emphasis, the day being January sixth. In the fourth century, however, the Church determined upon the celebration of the Nativity. The exact date was, of course, impossible to determine and December 25 was selected for at least two very interesting reasons. The first undoubtedly was that December 25, Brumaire, was already a festival day and in the festival period of the year. By, so to speak, Christianizing this day in giving it important religious significance, the Church aimed at transforming pagan practices to Christian usages. In the second place the Church was desirous of changing the Roman calendar. January 1 was thought an improper day on which to begin the New Year. The turning point of the year, supposedly December 25, was considered the more logical date. Therefore, by making this one of the most important days in the Christian calendar, the Church hoped ultimately to make it the beginning of the new year. This purpose, as we know, failed, largely because of later conflicting practices and theories. Christmas, however, had been established and was observed as a day of Christian significance, the first recorded instance being in the year 354, by the Roman Bishop Liberius. Slowly the observance spread throughout the entire Church.

But, though officially recognized as a day of the Church calendar, the popular recognition of Christmas was of slow growth, largely because of the competition of other festivals sanctioned by long usage. For centuries, therefore, we find the Church resorting to various expedients to emphasize the observance of the day. Not until the twelfth century is there evidence that the Church felt it necessary to curb the Christmas customs, which, at this period, had assumed a spirit of revelry foreign to the religious nature of the day. It is only in comparatively modern times, in fact, that Christmas has assumed the importance that we now attach to it as a day of love and goodwill. The steady growth of this emphasis may be ascribed to the influence of the Church in transferring and modifying pagan customs. As folk days of pagan origin lost their significance Christmas grew in importance, gradually becoming the chief day of the twelve days of festival which, beginning on December 25, extended to January 6, Epiphany.

An interesting illustration of the movement by which Christmas became the greatest day of the Christian calendar may be taken from the history of Scandinavian countries. Until the tenth century the Northmen were pagan, celebrating certain periods of the year peculiar to their calendar. The chief of these was, in the ninth century, observed about the middle of January and it was not until the reign of Hakon the Good of Norway (940-963) that the January festivities were transferred to December 25, this act signalizing the conversion of the Northmen to the Christian faith. The northern Yule, with its picturesque observances, thus became identified with Christmas.

The common observances of Christmas as celebrated in America of today thus go back to very old folk customs in Germany, in England, and in Scandinavia. There are, moreover, elements of Roman origin which in the course of the centuries have become greatly changed. Each nation which has come to the observance of Christmas has contributed its part to the festive customs of the day, and Americans, as befits their mixed ancestry, share in all this diverse wealth of tradition.

Of all Christmas customs that of the Christmas tree is perhaps the most beautiful. The history of this essential feature of a modern Christmas reveals again the transference of customs from one day to another. The practice of decorating houses with branches of fruit trees seems to have originated in Italy, from thence brought by the Romans to Germany and England. Originally the custom was connected with New Year's Day. Branches of fruit trees were, in anticipation of the day, placed in warm water so that they might break into leaf and blossom as an augury of the new year. If full-leaved and beautiful, it was held a good omen. This interesting superstition ultimately became attached to Christmas observances in a most fascinating way. In the tenth century a myth of oriental origin became current in Europe, to the effect that on the night of the nativity many wonderful things happened, among which was the bursting of the forest trees into leaf and blossom. It was but a step to associate this legend with the traditional New Year's practice, and in the course of centuries this was done, the decoration of houses with branches of trees and young trees becoming finally a Christmas rather than a New Year's custom. It is interesting to note, however that the first authentic reference to a Christmas tree occurs, it is said, so late as 1604. This was in the city of Strasburg, the tree being adorned with paper roses, apples, etc., evidently in the spirit of the old legend.

To trace the history of other peculiar Christmas observances would require much elaboration, but in brief they all go back to Roman, Teutonic, English, and Scandinavian customs. The use of mistletoe is probably of Druidic origin, the mistletoe being sacred to the Druidic cult. So with the yule log and other ceremonies, each indicating some old custom, the significance of which it is now almost impossible to determine because of its antiquity.

Our Puritan ancestors in their anxiety to rid themselves of all ceremonial in any way connected with the Roman Church, did away with the Christmas festivities to which their English ancestry entitled them. Thanksgiving became, instead, the time of rejoicing. But of late years, due doubtless in part to

the German element in our population, the American Christmas has come to resemble the German Christmas, as a time of festivity, of gift making, and of goodwill. The Christmas tree has become a national institution and unless the demand for trees constitutes a menace to our forests bids fair to remain so. In England, too, the Christmas tree has been added to the English observances of the day though in that country, it is interesting to note, the custom was not adopted until so late as the reign of Queen Victoria.

Vesper Hour*

Conducted by Chancellor John H. Vincent.

OUR readings for the present month are taken from that very remarkable little volume by the Reverend Doctor George Matheson, entitled "My Aspirations." The first of our readings for the month is A Vision of God's Perfect Day, founded on the statement of Genesis I, 31: "And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."

"It was all very good at the last, the evenings as well as the mornings. The darkness and the sunshine made the one day and brought the retrospect of rest. Oh, Thou divine Creator! Give me the faith in Thine own experience. Help me to believe in the ultimate glory of my evenings. I call Thee good in the morning hours, when the sun of life is mounting high and the blaze of hope is dazzling. But I have not yet learned to thank Thee for the evening. I call it chance, accident, misfortune—everything but goodness. Thou art creating me against my will. My progress is from the evening to the morning. My conscious darkness is the birth-hour of my day. Thou art never nearer to me than in my shadows of evening. It is over the face of my troubled waters that

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year.

Thy Spirit broods. Thou art bringing life out of my billows. In the storm and in the darkness Thou art speaking and shining. Thou art preparing my Sabbath through the night, my rest through unrest. When Thou hast finished my creation I shall know how glorious have been its evenings, how full of hidden light, how rich in golden suns! From the heights of Thy Sabbath rest I shall judge all things. I shall look back upon my past, and, behold, there shall be no night there. I shall say with Thee in Thy Sabbath, It is all very good.

"The Christian has a sense of divine guidance, as did Israel when God in the daytime led them with a cloud and all the night with a light of fire.—Ps. 78:14.

"My Father, Thou hast been leading me both by day and by night; but Thy guidance by day has been different from Thy guidance by night. By day I have had Thy cloud, and by night I have had Thy fire. The cloud is the special need of my day; the fire is the special need of my night. My day is my prosperity; it is the time when the sun of fortune is bright above me, and, therefore, it is the time when I need a shade. The light would make me dizzy if it were not for the cloud. If my sunshine were not chequered I would forget Thee, O my God! Therefore it is that I can say, with one of old, "The Lord is my shade on my right hand; the sun will not smite me by day." But I have nights to meet as well as days. The night is my adversity; it is the time when the sun of fortune has gone down behind the hills and I am left alone, and then it is, O my Father, that I need the light of Thy fire! Thy fire is Thy love which warms because it shines. When my soul has gone down into the shadows it craves the sight of a star, and it finds it in the star of Bethlehem. My light for the night is the vision of Calvary—the vision of Thy love in the Cross. I need the light of Thy fire *all* the night. The cloud will suffice for only part of the day; but the fire will be needed for every hour of darkness. It is natural for the bird to sing in the sunshine; but it needs a perpetual miracle when "He giveth songs in the night."

"My Father, gird me still with Thy presence, both by day and by night—by day with Thy cloud, by night with Thy light of fire. By day, teach me to remember my weakness, and by night, tell me where lies my strength! By day, point me down into Gethsemane; and by night, lead me up into the mount of transfigured glory! By day, show me the burden, and by night, reveal to me the crown; so shall my days and nights be girt about with Thee!

"There is a meekness which inherits nothing. There are *two* kinds of calmness in this world—the calmness of the stagnant pool and the calmness of the deep sea. The one is quiet because it has nothing to say; the other because it restrains itself from speaking. And it is this latter that is the glorious thing—not the meekness that speaks not because it is empty, *but* the meekness that speaks not because its depths are full. Why is it that I admire the gentleness of Jesus? There are hundreds of voiceless souls in the world that do not strive nor cry. Yet I do not call *them* divine; wherefore has *this* Man's gentleness made Him great to me? It is because in Him I find the calm that I find in nature—the calm which does not exist because it needs to be, but because it chooses to be. I know that yon fair sky could, if it chose, break into frowns and thunders, and I prize the quiet as the voluntary gift of the day. Even so, I know that beneath the silent surface of this divinest life there are depths innumerable, voices unspeakable, feelings unfathomable, powers immeasurable. I know instinctively that no man taketh His life from Him; He has power to lay it down, and He has power to take it again. I know that if He would, He could bring His legions of angels to turn Gethsemane into Sinai—to change the calm into a storm, and I reverence the strength that will not do it. O Thou divine power of meekness, I bow before Thy marvellous strength! I stand amazed in the presence of that might which could empty itself of *all* might. Thou art more wonderful to me in Thy cross than in Thy crown. Thou art greater to me in what Thou hast given up than in what Thou possessest. Thy glory is Thy shame. Thy Majesty is Thy self-surrender. Thy kinghood is Thy service. Thy power

to rule is Thy power to bear. Thou art the Head over the body of humanity; just because, without complaining, Thou takest the pains of all its members. Thy gentleness hath made Thee great; Thy meekness hath inherited the earth.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength!"
Isa. 40:31.

"It is a glorious thing to feel the fullness of youth. It is a grand thing to have the sense of morning. It is the joy of having the world all before me—the thought that my opportunities are yet to come. What golden dreams I had when I was young! What visions I had of what I would do at noon-day! How the airy castles danced and sparkled in the sun! But now the noon is passed and the castles have faded. I have not realized the dreams of my boyhood. The imperial palace of my fancy has melted into the light of common day. Was it, indeed, all a dream? The prophecy was not founded on earthly experience, but for that very reason I hoped that its origin was Divine. Whence did I derive the golden dream? It came to me before I knew the world; therefore, it seemed to come from other worlds, and I trusted it was supernatural. Yet it is unfulfilled. Morning is faded, noon-tide is passed, the afternoon is far spent, evening is drawing on, but the promised glory has not come.

"Be still, my soul, it is coming! The sense of morning is yet to be revived in thee. Natural youth faints and grows weary, and its ideal is not realized. But natural youth itself was all along but a shadow—but the counterfeit of a spiritual dawn. Morning is coming back to thee, oh, my soul—back to thee, with the pulses of a new life, with the boundings of a new hope, with the freshness of a new heart, with the energy of a new will. In God thy past shall be cancelled and thou shalt be free—free to begin again with the unimpeded joyousness of a child at play. In the Cross of thy Lord all other crosses shall be banished. Thy years of remorse shall no more trouble thee. Thou shalt be a new creature; it shall be all tomorrow, and no yesterday. The dark deeds shall be undone, the hard words unspoken, the lost chances

restored, the golden dreams revived in the life of God. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.

"They shall mount up with wings; they shall run; they shall walk! Is not this a strange descent in the scale of aspiration? To begin with the wing, then to subside into the run, and at last to settle down into the sober walk: it seems a process of decline. Nay; it is the true order of the spiritual life. When the Spirit of Christ first enters into my soul it causes a fluttering of the wings. I am caught up in rapture to meet my Lord in the air. The world, with its allurements, fades in a far distance, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; my faith as yet is but a flight. By and by I touch the solid earth, but only as the runner touches it, with swift and momentary step. The first flutter of the heart has subsided, but the even pace is not yet come; my faith is not weary, but it is running. At last the race itself subsides into the walk, and that world of common day which the wings of the spirit had scorned becomes again compatible with the religious life; my faith can now face without fainting the things of common day—I have learned to *walk* with God.

"And this, my soul, is the triumph of thy being—to be able to *walk* with God. Flight belongs to the *young* soul; it is the *romance* of religion. To run without weariness belongs to the *lofty* soul; it is the *beauty* of religion. But to walk and not faint belongs to the *perfect* soul; it is the *power* of religion. Canst thou keep thyself unspotted *in* the world? Canst thou walk in white through the stained thoroughfares of men? Canst thou touch the vile and polluted ones of earth and retain thy garments pure? Canst thou meet in contact with the sinful and be thyself undefiled? *Then* thou hast finished thy course with joy—thou hast surpassed the flight of the eagle!"

The German Kaiser

IV. Some Impressions of W. T. Stead.

[These extracts are taken from an article published by Mr. Stead some years ago in the English "Review of Reviews" of which he is editor.]

IF the Emperor reminds some people of Lord Randolph Churchill, minus the temptation to frivolity and wilful self-indulgence, he reminds others of the first Napoleon in more ways than one. There is no doubt at least one enormous difference between them. Napoleon was a man without a conscience. William II. has a highly developed moral sense. Whether or no William has even a trace of the genius of Napoleon is a point upon which as yet there is no trustworthy information. He may, or he may not, have a genius for war. Those who stand nearest to him profess to believe that if the occasion should arise he would prove that he possessed a military genius that would do no discredit to the fame of the greatest of the Hohenzollerns. Every one must hope, however, that this latent genius may never have an opportunity for its manifestation. Let it be taken for granted, rather than demonstrated, inasmuch as its demonstration is impossible without war. But in some other respects the resemblance between the German Emperor and the first Napoleon is conspicuous. William is as much of an actor as Napoleon. In both intense self-consciousness colours every action. Each is a *poseur* of the first rank. Their fundamental idea of government is identical. It is that which corresponds to the star system of the theatrical manager, where the whole program is framed for the benefit of a single star actor. As Napoleon was the French star, William will be the star of the German troupe. In both the jealousy of those who play subordinate *roles* is very marked. They brook no rival near their throne. They will be helped rather by second-rate Ministers than by first-rate men, whose renown might obscure the Emperor. William resembles Napoleon, also, in the devouring appetite which he has for detail, and the miraculous memory he possesses for everything that concerns him. The Grand Duke Constantine,

when Lord High Admiral of the Russian Fleet, at one time was able to tell you off-hand the name, strength, characteristics, and the position of every warship in the navies of the world; and the German Emperor possesses the same kind of gift. M. Taine, in his fascinating sketch of Napoleon in his last published work, leaves you under the impression that the little Corsican constantly carried in his mind a complete inventory of all the artillery of Europe. William II. has just that sort of memory which stands him in good stead in his imperial and kingly activity. Like Napoleon, William finds nothing too great and nothing too small for his attention. Not only does he interfere in all his departments, but in the midst of all the affairs of State he finds time to personally superintend rehearsals of new dramas at Berlin, as Napoleon drew up regulations for the Parisian theatres when seated as a temporary conqueror in the captive Kremlin. They are like each other, also, in their jealousy and fear of clever women, and their preference for a feminine ideal that finds its complete satisfaction in the kitchen and the nursery. To fill the cradle and to spread the table—that is enough for women in the opinion alike of Hohenzollern and of Bonaparte.

KING BY DIVINE RIGHT.

It is very interesting to see in Central Europe, in the last ten years of the nineteenth century, a king who not only believes that he reigns by right Divine, but who is accepted by Europe as having a fair claim to that position. A hundred years ago the French Revolution proclaimed, amid thunder and lightning and earthquake befitting the final passing away of an old era, that old kingships had come to an end, that in the future the world was to be governed on new democratic principles. A full century has passed since Louis's head fell by the guillotine, and here we have the German Emperor, not as a pale and shivering ghost apologising for its return to the haunts of men, but as the governing fact of the whole European situation. Here I am, here I remain;

sic volo, sic jubeo, as I will, so I order. Nothing can be more uncompromising than the assertion of the Emperor of his sovereign position. He is no make-believe sovereign who reigns but does not rule; he is the man on horseback and no mistake. None of the great sovereigns of the Middle Ages could more seriously try to play the part of terrestrial Providence. It is true, as he reminded us on one occasion, that he accepts the saying of the Great Frederick that the Prussian King is the first servant of the State, but that is quite consistent with his feeling that he is its master.

"THERE IS ONLY ONE MASTER, AND I AM HE."

There is a wonderful passage in one of Heine's best-known writings in which he describes how he saw the Emperor Napoleon at Dusseldorf. "I saw him, and on his brow was written, 'Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.' " At Dusseldorf, on one occasion the Emperor William made a speech in which he asserted his right to a prominent position in terms so characteristic that they had to be subsequently explained away in an official version. What he actually said was this, as reported at the time:

"Now, as ever, I am assured that salvation lies in co-operation. This is one of the results of Monarchy. There is only one master of this country, and I am he. I shall suffer no other beside me. In this spirit I drink to the welfare of the Province. (Prolonged cheers.)"

In the official version this assertion of his mastery of his country disappears:—

"That I am now, as ever, convinced that salvation lies only in the co-operation of all the parts, and that one must, therefore, follow the Monarch in his efforts for the welfare of the whole, I drink my glass of German wine to Rhenish Prussia. May it flourish and prosper now and to all eternity! 'Rhenish Prussia. Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!'"



"The Nightmare of the Globe."
An Austrian Conception of the Kaiser.

THE JUSTIFICATION OF ARMAMENTS.

The ordinary sneer of the disarmament people at an apostle of peace who is armed to the teeth is silly, and due to their happy ignorance of the conditions of existence in states which were never blessed with a streak of silver sea as a natural and insuperable barrier against invasion. Apart from the absolute necessity of maintaining an armament large enough to safeguard the frontiers of Germany, it is idle to expect the heir of the Great Frederick and of the fighting Hohenzollerns to see things through the spectacles of the Peace Society. We have surely seen enough of the folly of that among our own kinsfolk. No humanitarian expressed

The German Kaiser

so vigorously the Peace Society view of war, as the author of the "Biglow Papers"; but it was the self-same singer who declared—

"Ex for war I call it murder, there you have it plain and flat,

And I need to go no furder than my Testament for that"—

who, when the unity of the Republic was in danger, cried:

"God give us peace; not such as lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh and brow with purpose knit!

And let our Ship of State to harbour sweep,

Her ports all up, her battle lanterns lit,

And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap."

The Emperor was born in Lowell's later phrase; he never experienced the former, nor, indeed, would disarmament make for peace. A reduction of the armaments of Europe by one half would more than double the danger of an immediate outbreak of war; it is the very immensity of the stake that makes the possible players hold their hand.

HIS PACIFIC PLEDGES.

It may not be useless to string a few of them together, beginning with the speech he made before his accession, and concluding with more recent utterances. Addressing the Brandenburg Diet, when he was still Prince William, in February, 1881, he said:—

"I am well aware that the public at large, especially abroad, imputes to me a thoughtless inclination for war and a craving for glory. God preserve me from such criminal levity. I repudiate such imputations with indignation."

When he opened his first Reichsrath, June 25, 1888, he was very explicit on this point. He said:—

"In foreign politics I am resolved to maintain peace with every one so far as lies in my power. My love for the German army and my position in it will never allow me to jeopardise for the country the benefits of peace unless the necessity is forced upon us by an attack upon the Empire or on its allies. Our army is intended to insure peace to us, or, if peace is broken, it will enable us to fight for peace with honour. With God's help it will be possible for the army to do this by reason of the strength which it has derived from the military law recently passed by you unanimously. To use this strength for aggressive war is far from my heart. Germany needs neither fresh military glory nor any conquests, since she has finally won for herself by fighting the right to exist as a united and independent nation."



Three Generations.—The Kaiser, the Crown Prince, and the latter's son.

The German Kaiser

Early in January, in 1889, when he opened the Prussian Parliament, he told his subjects:—

"You will be able to commence your work the more cheerfully, inasmuch as the relations of the Empire to all foreign states are friendly, and because from my visits to friendly rulers I gathered the conviction that we may confidently cherish the hope of the continued preservation of peace."

Twelve months later he assured the Diet that "to the joy of the Emperor and King, Germany's relations with foreign Powers are everywhere good." In April, 1890, speaking on board the *Fulda*, he said:—

"If in the press and in public life symptoms of danger appear, one must console oneself with the thought that matters are not nearly so bad as they seem. Trust in me to preserve peace, and if the press sometimes interprets my remarks differently, think of the old saying of another Emperor—'An Emperor's words are not to be turned and twisted and quibbled over.' "

Coming back to Berlin to open the Reichstag on May 6th, he said:—

"To maintain peace on a durable basis is the unceasing object of my efforts. I may express the conviction that I have succeeded in inspiring all foreign governments with confidence in the loyalty of my policy in this respect. The German people recognize, as do I and the august Princes of the Confederation, that it is the duty of the Empire to protect the peace by maintaining our defensive alliances and friendly relations with foreign powers, in so doing to ensure the advance of well being and civilization. But in order to accomplish this task the Empire has need of a military power in proportion to the position it holds in Europe."

After his return from Russia in August, 1890, an Austrian ex-diplomatist published what professed to be an interview with the Kaiser, in which he used the remarkable phrase that at Friedrichsruhe Bismarck had attempted to force upon him perpetual war abroad and war at home:—

"Well, I determined to have peace, and shall force peace upon the domestic foes of the Empire, as well as upon its foreign enemies. I must complete the work which my grandfather, who died too soon, had not time to accomplish—Germany united and Europe pacified, that is my grand dream."

THE VIRGIN'S SONG TO HER BABY CHRIST.

Jesu sweet, my baby dear!
On meager bed thou liest here,
 And that me grieveth sore;
Thy cradle is a manger mere,
Ox and ass are thy meek frere:
 I needs must weep, therefore.

Jesu sweet, be thou not wroth
Though I have nor clout nor cloth
 Thee, warm, to enfold.
To enfold and wrap thy rest,
Though thou be of robe divest,
Yet lay thy feet unto my breast
 And keep thee from the cold.

Adapted from a Middle English Song.



LUTHER'S CRADLE HYMN.

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
 The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay—
 The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
 But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love thee Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
 And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.



"The Holy Family." By Rembrandt.

The character of the scene is unmistakably indicated by the appearance of the small angels, partly copied from those in Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome which Rembrandt would know from engravings. It may be noticed also in passing that in almost all these pieces the occupation of the carpenter is clearly indicated so that there can be no doubt as to their character. Both Mary and the Child are delightful successes. She wears a deep crimson over blue, and the white fichu and cap are flecked with lovely cool greys that enhance the warm carnations on the foreshortened face. The book she is holding is evidently a Protestant Bible, perhaps the one that figures in the inventory of 1656, in double columns with marginal references, and is a miracle of still-life painting, in which we seem to see the leaves curl up and hear them rustle as she bends forward to look into the cradle. Her solicitation is charmingly natural but needless, for the infant is very fast asleep. Rembrandt has sought for Him no Raphaelesque beauty, but made Him a stolid little Dutch child that reminds us somewhat of a baby by Hogarth.



OFFICERS OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND
SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

JOHN H. VINCENT, Chancellor. GEORGE E. VINCENT, President.
COUNSELORS.

HENRY W. WARREN J. M. GIBSON EDWARD EVERETT HALE
JESSE L. HURLBUT LYMAN ABBOTT JAMES H. CARLISLE
WM. C. WILKINSON

MISS KATE F. KIMBALL, *Executive Secretary.*

THAT HOLY THING

They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high;
Thou cam'st, a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.

O, Son of Man, to right my lot
Naught but thy presence can avail.
Yet on the road thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea thy sail!

My how or when thou wilt not heed,
But come down thine own secret stair
That thou may'st answer all my need—
Yea, every bygone prayer.

George Macdonald.



A LETTER TO THE SENIORS.

Christmas greetings to members of Class 1909:

Our class has from the first had somewhat of the Christmas spirit; hope, generosity, cheerfulness and faith have in some measure been ours, and these treasures have increased in the past three and one half years. We stand now at the middle of our last year of reading; next August we graduate. Is any

one behind in his reading—let him take heart again, knowing that the goodwill of all class members is with him. Is one discouraged, or lonesome—he may know that the faith and courage of us all is behind him, bearing him up. Let no one give up the work and fall out; we must graduate as many as possible, and gather a goodly company for the final exercises next August.

I look out from my window on the white spire of the ancient village meeting house. In the belfry there swings an historic bell, resonant with the memories and traditions of the generation who have lived on this soil. There is one device in plain raised letters across its bronze surface. It is this: "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men." This pure Christmas message is the one that rings out across the landscape, calling citizens, neighbors and friends together for common worship. May it ring out for you, and bless you in the ringing!

Faithfully yours,

WM. CHANNING BROWN,

President of Class 1909.

Littleton, Mass.



A WORD STUDY.

Professor Reich's book offers rather an unusual opportunity for word study; possibly because being an Austrian and presumably having acquired his vocabulary in mature life, he was not at first habituated to a limited range of expressions.

The following words are with some few exceptions in quite common use among cultivated writers and speakers, yet we often pass over them in our reading without clearly defined ideas of their meaning. Some of our readers may enjoy exercising their wits on the accompanying word study. The blank spaces when filled in with the thirty-one words given below, will make a connected narrative. In a few cases the use of a certain word in a given connection may be questioned, but in general the missing links may be supplied by words that are obviously correct. Circle members may like to work out the scheme at home and then compare notes at the meeting, in this way bringing out some nice distinctions in the use of language.

It was circus week in a sleepy inland town. Viewed in its aspects the community presented a somewhat in its history. For once, aroused from its it had suddenly developed a surprising wholly foreign to its usual condition. The for circuses inherent in small boys led to various on their part to gain admission to that mysterious which lay just back of the circus tent where were housed the living skeleton, the snake charmer and other heroes whose achievements had established for them a which had already them in the youthful imagination. arguments by grown-ups designed to the boys' desire to run away with the circus had no effect. The youths perceived the for this parental wisdom and with great established where with some they upon the merits of the circus and the of its performers, who were not to be judged by ordinary standards. This was in fact a circus One of the lads whose financial status never could be brought into with his ambitions, took the in proposing a of the most daring spirits who from a sheltered corner should suddenly upon the circus police, carrying with them and so gain free entrance to the show. But the of two of the group upset the plan. The well-known skill of the chief of police, they urged, would insure their not coming out of the encounter And so the scheme came to naught, vanishing like other dreams into the ether.

acrimony	doctrinaire	lethargy	pusillanimity
apotheosis	enclaves	manoeuvres	<i>raison d'être</i>
canonized	expatiated	mundane	subvert
coalition	hinterland	par excellence	tactical
correlation	homogeneity	phenomenon	unanimity
debouch	imponderable	predilection	unique
decentralized	incomparable	prestige	unscathed
devastation	initiative	psychological	



AN ART STUDY COURSE FOR GRADUATES.

A new course in the History of Painting has recently been prepared for the use of graduates. It is divided into two sections, the first covering the period from the Renaissance to the nineteenth century, and the second from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the present time. The course was planned at the request of the Jamaica, Long Island C. L. S. C. Alumnae Association, which has engaged in the study of a great variety of graduate courses since the members finished their original four years' course many years

C. L. S. C. Round Table

ago. These Jamaica Chautauquans write very enthusiastically of their work. They are using unmounted photographs contributed by some of their members who have travelled in Europe; and prints from the Bureau of University Travel; they have access to an excellent library furnishing many of the recommended books; they have purchased some books for use in class and with papers and discussions are doing very thorough work. The secretary writes:

"Our members are very enthusiastic and eager to learn as much as possible and make the meetings informal as well as instructive. I am sure we shall have a delightful year and I shall be glad if you will kindly tell Mrs. Zug, who prepared the course, how very satisfactory it promises to be. I am sure it will prove one of the popular special courses for graduate circles."

Members of graduate circles or individual readers can secure the study pamphlet for this course by sending one dollar to the Chautauqua Press, Chautauqua, New York. This covers the enrollment fee. The course is not limited to graduates, though it was prepared primarily for their benefit. Graduates applying for the pamphlet should state their respective classes.



A HOME CIRCLE IN BRAZIL.

South America is gradually being encircled by Chautauqua readers. Along the coast of Chile members are to be found at Concepcion and Santiago. A graduate of 1908 lives in Uruguay, another at Mercedes in the Argentine Republic, and the members of a "home" circle near Rio de Janeiro in Brazil belong to the Class of 1911. A letter from this little group of Chautauquans is most welcome. It is dated as follows:



Outlook from Presbyterian Church, Nova Friburgo, Brazil, of which a member of the Class of 1911 is pastor.

"Yours of July 3 is at hand, bringing us Chautauqua greetings and asking for 'a little glimpse' of our work and surroundings. We subscribed for last year's reading for the benefit of our three growing girls who read the books and *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* in course in order to keep green the spirit of Yankeeland; for we live in a social atmosphere found nowhere under the stars and stripes. Our town lies high in the 'Switzerland of Brazil' amid green and lofty mountains, 'a joy forever,' and hence a summer resort for people from 'the hot city beautiful,' Rio de Janeiro. Friburgo is a school center, site of a famous seminary of the Dorothy Sisters for girls and the great Jesuit College Anchieta for boys. The chief Sunday amusement is bull fighting, an unusual pastime in Brazil. The Brazilians are Latins, generous, bright, and home-loving.

When I can be with my family for a few days between my missionary journeys the Chautauqua books have a place for me among the joys of home. They are so well prepared that we quite sympathize with the letter of President James published in your February number, for we came here from the University of Illinois. When Bishop Vincent last lectured there he was heard as one of the great achievers of the century. In answer to your request I enclose two views, one of the Praça Paysandu, a beautiful little park just in front of our Presbyterian Church, and the other a glimpse of the Jesuit College Anchieta, which we catch from our windows. With best wishes for your continued success with *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*,

Very cordially yours,

THOMAS J. PORTER."

1 Avenida Santos Dumont 1,
Nova Friburgo, Brazil, August 11, 1908.



Jesuit College Anchieta, Nova Friburgo, Brazil, as seen from the Home of Three CHAUTAUQUAN readers.

A COMMUNICATION FROM 1908'S HISTORIAN.

Members of the Class of 1908 at Chautauqua last summer were eager to devise some plan by which they might be able to communicate with each other and so perpetuate the class spirit. They therefore elected as Historian Miss Una B. Jones, feeling sure that her ingenuity would evolve some way in which to bring about the best results. The following letter will be welcomed by all members of the class.

Dear Graduates of 1908:

It is my pleasant duty to keep in touch with you all and report to our Mother Chautauqua. We have had such a pleasant, profitable summer and met so many new friends with whom we wish to keep in contact, that, with your help, we will continue our acquaintance and also try to tell some of our experiences to the ones who were not able to come to Chautauqua this summer.

I want to hear from you all concerning your C. L. S. C. work past and present; about the difficulties and pleasant memories; and the work you intend taking up now. Would you not like to join a letter circle and hear directly from the graduates of 1908 from different parts of the world? Separate circles may be formed for those taking up different courses. If anyone has other plans I shall be glad to have suggestions.

With best wishes for you all. Sincerely yours,

UNA B. JONES,
Stittville, New York.

The name of the historian was unfortunately omitted from the class directory in the October CHAUTAUQUAN, and the Round Table editor must also correct, with many apologies, the mistake in the name of the president. It should be Mr. H. R. Hartley.

AS THE MAGI CAME BEARING GIFTS, SO DO WE ALSO,—GIFTS THAT RELIEVE WANT; GIFTS THAT ARE SWEET AND FRAGRANT WITH FRIENDSHIP; GIFTS THAT BREATHE LOVE; GIFTS THAT MEAN SERVICE; GIFTS INSPIRED STILL BY THE STAR WHICH SHONE OVER THE CITY OF DAVID NEARLY TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.—*Kate Douglas Wiggin.*



C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS:

OPENING DAY—October 1.	ADDISON DAY—May 1.
BRYANT DAY—November 3.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sun- day.	INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.
MILTON DAY—December 9.	SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.	INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Satur- day after first Tuesday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.	ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Satur- day after first Tuesday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.	RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wed- nesday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.	
SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.	



OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR JANUARY.

FIRST WEEK—DECEMBER 31—JANUARY 7.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Friendship of Nations," Part IV. Armies the Real Promoters of Peace.
In the Required Book: "Seen in Germany," Chapters I—III. Common Things, The Kaiser, The German Private Soldier.

SECOND WEEK—JANUARY 7—14.

In the Required Book: "Seen in Germany," Chapters IV—V. A View of the German Workingman, The German Professor.

THIRD WEEK—JANUARY 14—21.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Dutch Art and Artists," Chapter IV. The Painters of Domestic Scenes.
In the Required Book: "Seen in Germany," Chapters VI—VIII. The Reichsanstalt, A New Industry, A Venture in Practical Philanthropy.

FOURTH WEEK—JANUARY 21—28.

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "A Reading Journey in the Hollow-Land," Chapter IV. The Island of Walcheren and Zeeland. The Dead Cities, Rotterdam, The Hague.
In the Required Book: "Seen in Germany," Chapters IX.—XII. German Ship Building, Some Educational Ideas, Student Life, The New Germany.



Rear View of the Colonnade, Chautauqua, N. Y., destroyed by fire November 19, 1908. The Chautauqua Print Shop housed in the basement was entirely destroyed together with the November CHAUTAUQUAN.



Front View of the Colonnade after the Fire.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Roll Call: Answers to the question, In what respects do you feel that the article on "Armies the real Promoters of Peace," is convincing and in what not so? The Circle might be divided into two groups, each side trying to get the point of view assigned to it. What about the men whose whole lives are devoted to inventing or preparing works of destruction? Is there economic waste here? What of the mental atmosphere created by constant reference to war possibilities?
2. Discussion: "A French View of the Kaiser" (in this magazine) in view of the Kaiser's recent difficulties in Germany, with reports also of the latest developments in this direction.
3. Oral Report: "Life of Maarten Maartens." (See "Warner Library of the World's Best Literature.")
4. Book Review: Maartens' "God's Fool" or other of his novels.
5. Paper: Some characteristics of Dutch Life as seen in Maartens' novels; or comparison between the works of George Eliot and Maartens.
6. Reading: "A Summer Christmas." Maartens. (See this magazine.)

SECOND WEEK.

1. Review and discussion of Chapter IV "Seen in Germany."
2. Roll Call: Brief reports on German manufactures: woolens, flax and hemp, cotton, silk and velvet, metal goods, locomotives and machines, porcelain, glass works, perfumery, dyestuffs, paper, leather goods. (See encyclopedias.)
3. Reading: Selection from "The People's Theatre in Berlin." (See *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* 41:187, April '05.)
4. Paper: Tribes and religions in Germany. (See encyclopedias and available works on Germany.)
5. Reading: Selection from "Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill," *Century Magazine* 76:207-11.
6. Book Review: "The War In The Air," by H. G. Wells, a recent novel, by this famous author, with a war moral; or review of article in *McClure's Magazine* for October, 1908, on "Delusions Concerning Alcohol." Selections from this will be found also in *Rev. of Rev.* 38:619, November, 1908.

THIRD WEEK.

1. Review of required lesson in "Seen in Germany."
2. Roll Call: Berlin celebrities. (See articles on Berlin in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* 41: 121 and 216, April and May, 1905.)
3. Paper: Herman von Helmholtz. (See *Scribner's Magazine*, 18:568, *Century Magazine* 27:687.)
4. Reading: "Driving out the Duel." (See *Rev. of Rev.* 38:495 October, 1908, or from "What Germany can teach us" *World's Work* 15:9913 February, 1908, or "How Germany makes Toys for the World's Christmas," *Rev. of Rev.* 36: 708 December 1907.)

5. Brief Paper: Deventer the City of Ter Borch. (See "The American in Holland," Griffis, chapter XIX.)
6. Study and Discussion: The works of Ter Borch and Metsu. (See "Masters in Art" on each of these painters and other references in bibliography.)

FOURTH WEEK.

1. Review by Leader: Dutch History from 1672-1813. (See Rogers' "Story of Holland," Larned's "History for Ready Reference," etc.)
2. Reading: "The Walcheren Expedition." (See "Larned's History for Ready Reference," Volume 2, pp 947-8.)
3. Biographical Sketch: Louis Bonaparte. (See "Larned's History for Ready Reference," Vol. 3, pp 2298-9.)
4. Reading: "English and Dutch in the Past," by Mrs. J. R. Green, *Rev. of Rev.* 21:81-2, January, 1900.
5. Roll Call: Items of special interest relating to Middelburg, Flushing, Rotterdam and neighboring towns. (See "The American in Holland," Griffis; "Holland and Its People," Amicis, and other available books.)
6. Study and Discussion: The works of De Hooch and Vermeer of Delft. (See "Masters in Art" and bibliography in this magazine.)



THE TRAVEL CLUB.

Special programs for Graduate Circles and Clubs specializing upon the two Dutch series. (A copy of Baedeker's "Belgium and Holland" is quite indispensable for such clubs.)

FIRST WEEK.

Roll Call: Legends of the Dutch St. Nicholas (See "Dutch Life in Town and Country").

Brief Paper: Life of Maarten Maartens. (See "Warner Library of the World's Best Literature.")

Book Review: Maartens' "God's Fool" or other of his novels.

Oral Report: Characteristics of Dutch Life as seen in Maartens' works.

Paper: Comparison between the works of George Eliot and Maarten Maartens.

Reading: "A Summer Christmas," by Maartens. (See this magazine.)

SECOND WEEK.

Paper: Review of Dutch History from 1672-1813. (See Rogers' "Story of Holland," Larned's History for Ready Reference," etc.)

Reading: The Walcheren Expedition. (See Larned's "History for Ready Reference," Vol. 2, pp 947-8.)

Biographical Sketch: Louis Bonaparte. (See Larned, Vol. 3, pp 2298-9.)

Brief Reports: Middelburg; Flushing. (See "The American in Holland," Chapter on Zeeland in "Holland and Its People," and Baedeker.)

Readings: Black Forest Rafts on the Rhine (See selection in THE CHAUTAUQUAN Vol. 35:92, April, 1902.); Dutch Costumes. (See "Holland Described by Great Writers," page 166, "Holland and the Hollanders," last chapter.)

THIRD WEEK.

Roll Call: News relating to Holland.

Paper: Deventer, the city of Ter Borch. (See "The American in Holland," Chapter XIX.)

Oral Report: Rotterdam. (See all available books.)

Paper: Schools and School Life. (See "Dutch Life in Town and Country," Chapter XIII, also "Holland and the Hollanders," chapter on How Holland Educates.)

Study and Discussion: The Works of Ter Borch and Metsu. (See "Masters in Art" on each of these painters and other references in bibliography.)

FOURTH WEEK.

Roll Call: Answered by giving at sight the name of the artist and the subject of some Dutch picture previously studied.

Reading: From Thackeray's "Round About Papers," Notes of a week's holiday; Selections from Longfellow's "Poems of Places": Holland.

Paper: Administration of Justice in Holland. (See "Dutch Life in Town and Country," Chapter XVIII.)

Reading: "English and Dutch in the Past," by A. S. Green, *Rev. of Rev.* 21:81-2, Jan., '00.

Study and Discussion: The Works of De Hooch and Vermeer of Delft. (See "Masters in Art," and bibliography in this magazine.)



REVIEW AND SEARCH QUESTIONS ON JANUARY READINGS.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF NATIONS, CHAPTER IV. ARMIES THE REAL PROMOTERS OF PEACE.

1. Show how the cause of peace has sometimes been injured by its advocates.
2. Give illustrations of the peace spirit of members of our army and navy. 3. What advantages has the European system of army training compared with that of feudal times?
4. How does the cost of our army compare with that of Germany?
5. What per cent of the total government expenses of Germany, Great Britain and the United States respectively is due to the army and navy?
6. Compare the military and naval expenses of the United States with the expenditures for improvements recently determined upon in New York.
7. Why is it difficult to compare the strength of navies?
8. In what various ways have navies become more efficient?
9. How does the improvement in modern weapons compare with the percentage of losses in battle?
10. Compare the death list of our railroads with that of our army.
11. How has the element of personal combat been reduced in modern times?
12. What claim does Germany make as to the value of her army as a training school?
13. How are great military establishments "an insurance against war"?

A READING JOURNEY IN THE HOLLOW-LAND, CHAPTER IV.

1. Why is entrance to Holland by way of Zeeland especially recommended?
2. What characteristic sights does the traveler meet?
3. What historic association has the island of Walcheren?
4. What importance has Flushing?
5. Describe the

town of Middelburg and its people. 6. What strange quality has Veere? 7. What importance has Domburg? 8. What are the external characteristics of Dort? 9. Who are some of the famous men of Dort? 10. What two significant gatherings were held here? 11. What is the character of Rotterdam's population? 12. What is its chief claim to remembrance? 13. What famous painter was born here?

DUTCH ART AND ARTISTS, CHAPTER IV. THE PAINTERS OF DOMESTIC SCENES.

1. How did the cessation of war in the Netherlands affect Dutch painting? 2. What significance has the word *genre* as applied to art? 3. What kind of effects did the Dutch genre painters aim to produce? 4. Give an account of the early life of Ter Borch the Younger. 5. What important picture did he paint at Münster? 6. How far was he influenced by other artists? 7. What are some of his characteristic methods of work? 8. How do the composition and drawing of "The Guitar Lesson" show a master's hand? 9. What may be said of his frequent use of the same model? 10. How does Ter Borch compare with the other "Little Dutchmen"? 11. What characteristic feature of the artist's work is shown in "The Visit"? 12. What is known of the life of Gabriel Metsu? 13. How many of his pictures have survived? 14. How did he compare in versatility with Ter Borch? 15. How does he suggest Ter Borch in his "An Officer and a Young Lady"? 16. In what respects does he show his own distinct qualities? 17. How does "An Old Toper" show the marks of Metsu's genius? 18. Why do we call De Hooch and Vermeer of Delft artists of temperament? 19. What are the known facts in the life of De Hooch? 20. How does he convey in "The Buttery" the sense of tranquility in the home? 21. Show how his picture "The Country House" illustrates his use of color and light. 22. What evidence have we of the high repute of Vermeer of Delft in his own time? 23. How was his work rescued from a strange oblivion? 24. In what respects is his "Young Woman Opening a Casement" typical? 25. How does his marked individuality express itself?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What is meant by the Vasari of Dutch Art? 2. What great struggle was terminated by the "Peace of Münster"? 3. Who was king of Spain in 1648? 4. How did the Mauritshuis, the home of the Hague Gallery, get its name? 5. What Dutch ruler was requested by the people of Deventer to have Ter Borch paint his portrait? 6. Why has it been difficult to ascertain the facts regarding the life of Pieter de Hooch? 7. What Dutch painter has left a portrait of De Ruyter?

1. Who was Whistler? 2. For what is Ary Scheffer famous? 3. What odium rests upon the Synod of Dort? 4. Who was Lady Mary Wortley Montague?

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS ON DECEMBER READINGS.

1. Mare Liberum. The Rights of War and Peace. 2. It attracted so much attention that Great Britain had to employ her greatest legal authority, Lord Selden, to reply to it. 3. A copy of it was found in his tent after his death on the field of Lutzen. 4. Treaty of Paris in 1856. 5. The Brussels Declaration in 1874.

1. From Milton's "Lycidas." 2. The defeat of the united fleets of France and England by Admiral de Ruyter in 1673. 3. Holland's colors are red, white, and blue placed in horizontal lines. Belgium's are red, yellow and black placed in three vertical stripes. 4. Nederland.

C. L. S. C. Round Table

NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES

"That opening chapter in Reich's 'Foundations of Modern Europe,'" said Pendragon, "has started off our year's work with a sort of bomb-throwing exercise which seems to have put us all on the alert at the very outset. The frank expressions of opinion are delightful to hear! Perhaps we shall not all agree with our fellow readers, nor with the author, but that is well if we are careful to keep our prejudices in the background. You remember what Professor Drummond once said regarding what it is to be educated:

"Anything that draws us out, anything that leads us on—that we are to seek, for that is education—the gradual, careful, symmetrical unfolding of all our powers.—It shows itself in the individual, in the attitude and temper of his mind, in the balance of judgment, the large grasp of affairs, the power of concentration, and the genius for hard work."

"It seems fitting," he continued, "to open the Round Table with this letter from a Circle in Washington, D. C., as it is natural for people at the center of things governmental to feel strongly on diplomatic questions. The Circle is small, three graduates and one member of 1909, but evidently wide awake. The delegate writes:

"We meet twice a month, and being too busy to write papers, we use the questions to start discussion, from which we gain much. Every member takes issue with Professor Reich concerning the Revolutionary War. We quite agree, no one cause brought it about, but many things conspired together. If he ever spent five years in the United States, he did not obtain here the misconceptions set forth in his first chapter. We all insist that full credit is given the French people for their assistance, and that our historians fully set forth the fact, that without the aid thus received we could scarcely have won our cause. One well-read member contends that Beaumarchais was but the agent for the French Government, and that all materials and munitions of war were paid for by 1835. His chapters on Napoleon are proving more satisfactory, as they are from a standpoint new to many of us. The magazine article on Holland is voted by all most interesting. The chapter on Dutch Art starts out well and promises to be charming. The cuts in the magazine are fine, being much praised. Since becoming a world power ourselves, we are glad to be thoroughly up on public events and persons abroad. We are all on the lookout for new members and hope to report an increase soon."



"I think perhaps our point of view is a little different," remarked the delegate from Colchester, Connecticut, Miss Clark, "we feel that coming from a writer who is so great a student of history and philosophy there is much in it for us to learn. He stimulates our thought. We could hardly accept his idea of the causes of the American Revolution or wish to aid in carrying out his suggestion of erecting a monument to Beaumarchais, observing the motive that prompted his deed rather than the deed itself. While we have the utmost veneration for Lafayette, who aided us with words of sympathy and courage during the dark days of our early struggle for freedom. It may be of advantage to us to read the book in the light of 'As others see us.'

"The *Friendship of Nations* we find practical and instructive, bringing us into close touch with these distant countries; for we are interested in seeing these nations struggling to gain their liberty and fall into line with the progress of civilization. Our

current events have not been selected with reference to the Chautauquan work, but more to keep in touch with the affairs of our own nation. We thank you heartily for the good things you have put in our way. Our Circle is only a year old. I had been thinking for some time of joining and I found several neighbors who were like minded, so we started with five. We did our work with enthusiasm and before the year closed we numbered ten. This year we have fifteen members. We are fortunate in having six members who have traveled in Europe and one who was for some years a prominent lawyer in New York City. We invite into our meetings any who we think would be interested to join us and have gained new members in this way and we loan our books."



"Our next speaker," said Pendragon, "Rev. Mr. Hall, of Evergreen, Alabama, reports from the far South. The name of the Circle has most appropriately a Christmas suggestion about it." "The Evergreen Circle," responded the delegate, "has over twenty members. It has been meeting fortnightly in the primary room of the Baptist Church, though some of our members would prefer weekly meetings.

"The 'Foundations of Modern Europe' has been entrusted to a member of the local Bar whose historical lore inspires the Circle with fear and envy. To a lady member has been committed the magazine articles on Dutch Art and Artists, and to the president the Reading Journey in Holland, with the expectation that the leader in each case shall make himself a specialist and have charge of the subject throughout the entire session. Mr. Reich's book has been handled partly by quiz and partly by papers assigned to other members by the leader. It has aroused much discussion. Some think it stimulating and helpful to have their history receive so many jolts. Others, not prepared to tamely surrender their historical orthodoxy, inquire rather plaintively if it is worth while to know so many things that are not so.

"The Reading Journey in Holland bids fair to prove the most popular of the magazine articles, though the discussion of Franz Hals last month, aided by pictures and engravings contributed by several members, was exceedingly interesting."



"We must next have this interesting glimpse of a day in the life of an individual reader from Atlanta, Georgia," said Pendragon. "The writer modestly extends to us his 'sympathy,' but you will all agree that we don't need it—the pen picture is so well done. It hardly seems quite fair to call Mr. Cornett an 'individual' reader, though three members properly constitute a Circle. In this case perhaps we may fall back upon the old proverb, 'two's company'!"

Dear Pendragon:

"Dr. Reich opened my eyes to some of the truths of American history. Of course I was aware, in a small way, of the debt these United States owed France, but when I read the opening chapter of his book, I realized how we had fallen short of discharging our debt of gratitude and friendship. Dr. Reich writes the way the true historian should write, and from the few chapters I have read of 'Foundations of Modern Europe,' I feel and believe that Dr. Reich is the strong man to write ably on a great question.

"It is unfair for Pendragon to ask what anyone finds the most interesting in the magazine. Every editorial, required article, or advertisement almost, is interesting.

I have been trying to decide which subject is the most interesting, and every time I consider the 'Reading Journey in the Hollow-Land' 'Friendship of Nations' bellows into my ear, and before I have time to realize it I am in the midst of a veritable brain-storm. Let me say, though, right here, that the magazine isn't complete without the 'Vesper Hour.' That is about the first thing I read when I receive **THE CHAUTAUQUAN**. I read these little sermons three or four times a month. They are of benefit to me every day.

"The C. L. S. C. books are made in such a convenient size that I read them most anywhere. A few minutes in the morning, a page or so at lunch time, then in the afternoons when I ride home on the street cars. I live about fifteen minutes ride from the city and sometimes I finish my day's reading on my way home. Then after dinner and the newspaper my wife reads to me from the required book the day's lesson,—for at the beginning of each study week I go through the books and mark out each day's lesson in accordance with the study program for that week. And then after our review and discussion, I generally read to her from any of the obtainable books recommended in the suggestive programs for Circles.

"Neither my wife nor myself has ever had the opportunity of attending a college, but by our readings in the C. L. S. C. we are improving ourselves, and even though we never get inside a college door, we shall be enabled, by our readings, to do a little good in this life."

"Perhaps you may like to have my 'experience,' for I'm a genuine individual reader," commented a member from Chicago. "As I realized that I must read alone I adopted the following method: To first read, as thoughtfully and carefully as possible, the book or article; next, make notes in answer to the review questions, trying to make those answers a tolerably connected synopsis of the work; then read again the book and a second time the notes in the endeavor to fix in memory the salient points as well as gain the real thought of the author. This may sound laborious but I have so enjoyed the work, it has been such a labor of interest and love that in reality I have never passed a year in pleasanter fashion or a twelve-month which more appreciably broadened my view. I found that consciously or unconsciously I was taking greater notice of and interest in those matters of the daily news upon similar topics, seeing them perhaps from a different standpoint with a deeper sympathetic interest." An Indiana member from Frankfort contemplated her classmate with interest. "I consider **THE CHAUTAUQUAN**," she said, "quite the best magazine I ever saw. I shall never be without it."

"This very handsome little booklet of the Euterpean Club, of Eldon, Missouri," said Pendragon, "is worthy of your notice. You will see that they are making very thorough study of 'Foundations of Modern Europe,' using this as the one text-book for their year's study, and printing the review questions for each week in the year book. Papers on a variety of subjects and music constitute the other features of the program. Now we must close the Round Table with a message from the Dominion."

"You will notice I have changed my address from Davis, West Virginia, to Kingston, Canada," reported the delegate. "This is considerably farther north. The customs of the people are quite different from the States, but I enjoy the change. I find my 'English Year' benefits me here very much. This is my third year in Chautauqua

study. I read alone, but would enjoy belonging to a local Circle. This we do not have here, I believe, as this is a University city. I am very well impressed with the first book, 'Foundations of Modern Europe,' and am much interested in 'A Reading Journey in the Hollow-Land,' and think the Famous European Short Stories a good addition to the already very interesting magazine. The pictures are very fine and many are worth framing. I study the pictures along with the artist's life, and descriptions of each painting. I believe this will be a very helpful year to all and I hope to meet all of the Gladstone Class at Chautauqua in 1910."



REVIEW QUESTIONS ON "SEEN IN GERMANY."

CHAPTER I. COMMON THINGS SEEN IN GERMANY.

1. What is the first impression which Germany makes upon an American? 2. Give typical instances of things which are "verboten." 3. What are some of the duties of the police? 4. How does this police vigilance affect the community? 5. What may be said of the security of German cities? 6. What great merit has the German cab system? 7. Compare Germany's mail and express system with ours. 8. Give instances of social formalities. 9. How does the German improve upon our advertising methods? 10. What limited ideas of America has the ordinary German? 11. How do many Germans learn English? 12. What is true of Germany's electrical development? 13. What evidences does Germany show of its machinery age?

CHAPTER II. THE KAISER.

1. What impressions of the Kaiser's personality do we get from his photographs and why? 2. What is his attitude toward dress? 3. What are some of the German criticisms of him? 4. What enthusiasms has he shown at different times? 5. How is his interest in the navy especially exhibited? 6. In what way is his commercial shrewdness shown? 7. How has he manifested his interest in sculpture and why?

CHAPTER III. THE GERMAN PRIVATE SOLDIER.

1. What aspects of Germany impress the traveler as he crosses the French border? 2. Into what periods is the life of the soldier divided? 3. Why has Germany produced very little soldier-boy literature? 4. How does the soldier spirit in Germany contrast with that of France? 5. What two kinds of army positions are open to the young German? 6. Why is it a misfortune to be barred out of service? 7. What kind of discipline is first imposed upon the new recruit? 8. What is the "long step"? 9. What is the nature of his gymnastic training? 10. Describe some features of the military drill? 11. How does "the battle thinker" stand in Germany as compared with some other nations? 12. How is the German soldier educated? 13. What is the general position of the one-year volunteers? 14. What was the expense of the German army in 1900? 15. What its strength on a peace footing? 16. How is German economy illustrated in the soldiers' rations? 17. What is the general character of the German private? 18. How do the military and the civil service strengthen each other?

C. L. S. C. Round Table

CHAPTER IV. A VIEW OF THE GERMAN WORKINGMAN.

1. Describe a German workingman's Sunday.
2. How do wages and hours in Germany compare with those in America?
3. How do food prices compare?
4. What are the staples of life for him?
5. What advantages has he as to the character of his food?
6. Describe a German working day.
7. How has this sort of life affected the German woman?
8. How has the army affected the workman?
9. What has been the effect upon agriculture?
10. What upon the price of labor?
11. How is the workman freed from the fear of want?
12. What two outlets from his present condition does he recognize?
13. How does suicide in Germany compare with other countries?
14. What experiment in short hours was tried at the Zeiss works?
15. What attempts to brighten the workingman's leisure hours have been made?

CHAPTER V. A GERMAN PROFESSOR.

1. How does the position of a professor in Germany differ from that of his American counterpart?
2. With what great scientists is Professor Haeckel of Jena associated?
3. Describe a visit to his study.
4. Under what famous men was he educated?
5. Characterize the most important of his works.
6. What remarkable capacity for work has he shown?
7. Describe his surroundings in Jena.
8. How has he expressed his artistic nature?
9. What have been some of his conclusions regarding evolution?
10. What are his views of some of the future problems of science?

CHAPTER VI. A TYPICAL SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

1. What are some of the beneficial sides of the German "paternal system"?
2. Describe the work of the Reichsanstalt.
3. To what man has it been due and how?
4. Describe the buildings.
5. How are scientific men appointed for the work?
6. What is the expense to the government?
7. With what work does the Reichsanstalt deal chiefly and why?
8. What are some of the difficulties of securing accurate measurements?
9. To what interesting experiments at Jena did this work lead?
10. Show the ranges of temperature covered by Reichsanstalt investigations.
11. Describe its work in testing thermometers.
12. How is the unit for the measure of temperature determined?
13. How have the means of measuring light been improved?
14. What important experiments in chemistry are being conducted?
15. What has been done recently with the tuning fork?
16. Illustrate the delicacy of some of the experiments.

CHAPTER VII. HOW THE GERMANS CREATED A NEW INDUSTRY.

1. For what three things is Jena famous?
2. Describe the steps leading to the establishment of its great industries.
3. Show how typically German was the attitude of the government toward Dr. Abbe's work.
4. Describe the character of the new glass.
5. How have Professor Abbe's achievements aided the work of other men?
6. Why is he called the "father of the modern microscope"?
7. What two great manufacturing plants carry on his work?
8. What are some of the business methods of these institutions?
9. Describe the casting of a great lens.
10. What other skilled labor enters into the manufacture of a lens?
11. What are the processes of making optical glass?
12. Describe the making of a thermometer tube.

CHAPTER VIII. A GERMAN VENTURE IN PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY.

1. What are the conditions of work in the Carl Zeiss Stiftung?
2. How has the institution spent money for the service of the community?
3. What has been the effect upon the workman?
4. How has the Stiftung aided scientific enterprises?
5. How have possible future changes in the institution been provided for?

CHAPTER IX. HOW THE GERMANS BUILD SHIPS.

1. How did the shipyard at Stettin compare in 1852 with those of England and the United States?
2. Show the development of German shipping since that time.
3. How has this industry been fostered by the government?
4. How is the merchant service prepared for possible use in war?
5. How does the German cater to the needs of the foreigner?
6. What are some of the problems of size and proportion presented by a ship like the Deutschland?
7. What attention must be paid to balance and vibration?
8. What to insurance and safety regulations?
9. Describe some of the processes of molding the ship's skeleton.
10. What powerful machinery is employed in lifting weights?
11. Give some idea of the great size of such a ship.
12. Show the importance of her compartments.
13. What luxurious fittings has she?
14. How was the vessel finally started seaward?

CHAPTER X. SOME NEW EDUCATIONAL IDEAS IN GERMANY.

1. How is the German instinct for education shown?
2. What two types of commercial school had Germany previous to 1896?
3. Describe the founding of a commercial University at Leipsic.
4. How was appreciation of it shown?
5. What is the nature of the courses which it offers?
6. Illustrate the German method of teaching by object lessons.
7. Describe the school-garden system.

CHAPTER XI. A GLIMPSE OF GERMAN STUDENT LIFE.

1. What fame attaches to Wollnitz?
2. What picture does our author present of the scene before the duel?
3. To what extent are the duelists protected?
4. What are the chief characteristics of the performance?

CHAPTER XII. THE NEW GERMANY, HER PROSPERITY AND HER PROBLEMS.

1. Through what stages has Germany passed in the last fifty years?
2. What two classes threaten German stability?
3. What other perplexing contrasts does Germany present?
4. Why have the prophets of evil thus far been "discomfited"?



Esperanto News

CHAUTAUQUA CONGRESS POSTPONED.

In answer to a letter of inquiry directed to Dr. Zamenhof, the creator of Esperanto, the Esperanto Association of North America received the following:

Varsovio, 20-IX-1908.

Al S-ro Edwin C. Reed, Sekretario de la Esperanto Association of North America.

DEAR SIR: I received your letter of September 20th. To our American fellow-thinkers you can tell that I promised Sroj Forman and Privat that I would try to come to the Esperanto Congress in America, and I certainly shall do everything that I can to fulfil my promise. But to state at this time with full assurance whether I shall be able to come, is still impossible, because the matter depends on some circumstances which I cannot yet foresee.

Especially it depends upon the state of my health. At this time it unfortunately is not very good: yet I hope that by summer it will again improve and I shall be able to undertake the great voyage.

Great voyages and a long distance from home are very difficult matters for me, because it is not only involved with great expenses for me, which is for me sufficiently important, but it compels me for some time to throw away my medical practice (that is the source of my income) and—what is more important—the longer I remain away from home, the more my medical practice becomes ruined for the future. The American Congress would require from me not only greater expense than the other congresses, but also a longer absence from home. You therefore can understand that I, not being a rich man, can undertake the American trip only in such case, if it were shown that my coming to America would really be very important for our affair.

Therefore I must wait awhile until I am acquainted with the character which the American Congress hopes to have. When the Constant Committee of the Congresses (whose president is General Sebert) assures me that your congress is prepared well and that we can expect from it a great success for our cause, then I shall use all my power to come unfailingly to the congress.

Yours,

ZAMENHOF.

Shortly after receiving this letter, the Executive Committee received a telegram from General Sebert containing only these few words:

"Would you accept putting off your congress until 1910?"

SEBERT.

The Executive Committee unanimously voted to accept General Sebert's proposal and official advice to this effect was forwarded to the Centra Oficejo.

A NATIONAL CONGRESS IN CHAUTAUQUA.

The decision to hold a National Congress in Chautauqua in 1909 was then taken, with the intention to strengthen the Association and to hold the Congress at such date that it would be possible for the official delegates, provided with due credentials to go to Barcelona immediately after and to present to the International Congress the request of the Americans.

Hitherto, it has been the custom to seek some one from the persons present and to elevate him without further ado to the position of representative of the country from whence he came. The result was that the decisions of the Congress were in no way binding upon the different countries and this, the Esperanto Association of North America will attempt to remedy by demanding that duly accredited delegates be sent to its congress, so that if we are successful, as seems highly probable, the sixth International Congress of Esperantists will in reality be the first legally elected International Congress.

It is probable that other places will compete with Chautauqua for the Sixth International Congress and it will depend upon what support the Esperantists will find in Chautauqua among Chautauquans whether we are successful in having Chautauqua selected for 1910 or not.

La infano eliras el sia ĉambro
li transiras la koridoron
li sin direktas al la banĉambro
li alvenas al la pordo de la ĉambro
li malfermas tiun pordon,
li eniras en la banĉambron.

Li transiras la banĉambron,
li alproksimiĝas al la lavtableto,
li alvenas al la bantableto,
li haltigas antaŭ la lavtableto,

Li etandas la brakon,
li prenas la ŝtopilon,
li metas la stopilon en la truon de lahe puts the stopper in the hole of the
pelvo bowl,
li elloras la ŝtopilon,
li metas la manon sur la tenilon
de la kraneto,
li turnas la tenilon.

La akvo elsprucas el la kraneto
la akvo frapas la fundon de la pelvon,
gi sursprucas en la pelvo
gi turniĝadas en la pelvo,
gi levigas en la pelvo,
gi plenigas la pelvon.

La infano fermas la kraneton,
kaj la fluado de la akvo haltiĝas.

La infano suprenturnas siajn manikojn,
li nudigas siajn brakojn,
li prenas la sapon,
li malsekiĝas la sapon,
li frotas la sapon sur siaj manoj,
li remetas la sapon en ĝian lokon.

The child goes out of his room,
he crosses the hall,
he makes his way towards the bathroom,
he arrives at the door of the room,
he opens that door,
he enters the bathroom.

He crosses the bathroom,
he draws near the washstand,
he arrives at the washstand.
he stops before the washstand.

He puts forth his hand,
he takes the stopper,
he lets go the stopper,
he puts his hand on the handle of the
faucet,
he turns the handle.

The water spurts out of the faucet,
the water strikes the bottom of the bowl,
it splashes in the bowl,
it whirls around in the bowl,
it rises in the bowl,
it fills the bowl.

The child closes the faucet,
and the flow of water stops.

The child turns up his sleeves,
he bares his arms,
he takes the soap,
he wets the soap,
he rubs the soap on his hands,
he puts the soap back in its place.

Esperanto

Li fratas siajn manojn unu kontraŭ He rubs his hands together,
 la alia,
 la sapo elsaŭmas ĉirkaŭ liaj manoj, the soap lathers around his hands,
 li purigas siajn manojn he cleans his hands,
 li eltiras siajn manojn el la akvo he pulls his hands out of the water,
 li lavas siajn manojn. he washes his hands.

Li prenas la katenon,
 li tiras la katenon,
 la ŝtopilo cedas
 la ŝtopilo saltas el la truo,
 la akvo sin jetegas en la truon,
 kaj elfluas tra la tubo.

La akvo turniĝadas en la pelvo
 la akvo malsupreniras en la pelvo
 kun lasta gargarsono ĝi m-laperas en la
 truon.

La infano ree metas la ŝtopilon en la
 truon,
 kaj replenigas la pelvon per akvo.

Spongo dependas de hoko.
 li etendas la braken,
 li prenas la spongon,
 li dekročas la spongon de la hoko,
 li subakvigas la spongon.

La akvo penetras en la projn de la
 spongo,
 li eltiras la spongon el la akvo,
 li prenas la sapon,
 li saponumas la spongon,
 li remetas la sapon en ĝian lokon,
 li fleksigas super la pelvo,
 li levas la spongon al sia vizago,
 li purigas sian vizagon,
 li metas la spongon sur la lavtableton
 apud la pelvo.

Li fleksigas ankoraŭ pli,
 li prenas akvo en siaj manoj,
 li lavetas la vizagon kaj kolon.

La akvo gutetas de lia vizago
 kaj ree falas en la pelvon.

Pura vištuko kuſas sur tableto,
 li prenas vištukon,
 li malfadas la vištukon,
 li portas la vištukon al sia vizago,
 li viſas ĉiujn partojn de sia vizago
 la vištuko absorbas la malsekajon.

Li metas la vištukon sur la sekigantan He puts the towel on the drying rod,
 bastoneton

the soap lathers around his hands,
 he cleans his hands,
 he pulls his hands out of the water,
 he washes his hands.

He takes the chain,
 he pulls the chain,
 the stopper gives way,
 the stopper jumps out of the hole,
 the water rushes into the hole
 and flows through the pipe.

The water whirls in the bowl,
 the water goes down in the bowl,
 with a last gurgling sound it disappears
 into the bowl.

La The child puts the stopper into the bowl
 infano again,
 ree metas la ŝtopilon en la
 and refills the bowl with water.

A sponge hangs from a hook,
 he stretches forth his arm,
 he takes the sponge,
 he unhooks the sponge from the hook,
 he plunges the sponge into the water.

La The water enters the pores of the
 akvo sponge,
 he takes the sponge out of the water,
 he takes the soap,
 he soaps the sponge,
 he puts the soap back in its place,
 he bends over the bowl,
 he carries the sponge to his face,
 he cleans his face,
 he puts the sponge on the stand near
 the bowl.

He bends still more,
 he takes water in his hands,
 he rinses his face and neck.

The water drips from his face
 and falls back into the bowl.

A clean towel lies on a stand,
 he takes a towel,
 he unfolds the towel,
 he carries the towel to his face,
 he wipes all parts of his face,
 the towel absorbs the moisture.

Li strečas la vištukon sur ĝi
kaj la vištuko sekigas en la aero.
Li denove presna sian spongon
li lavetas la spongon en la akvo,
li eliras la spongon el la akvo,
li tenas la spongon super la pelvo
li premas la spongon
la akvo eliras el la sponge
kaj ree falas en la pelvon.

Li alkročas la spongon al la hoko,
li elloras la spongon,
kaj la sponge sekigas en la aero.

he stretches the towel upon it,
and the towel dries in the air.
He takes his sponge again,
and rinses the sponge in the water,
he takes the sponge out of the water,
he holds the sponge over the bowl,
he presses the sponge,
the water runs out of the sponge,
and falls into the water again.

He hangs the sponge on the hook,
he lets go the sponge,
and the sponge dries in the air.

Talk About Books

THE AMERICAN IN HOLLAND. By William Elliot Griffiths. Boston:

Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Pp. 396. Illustrated. \$1.50. With a singularly rich and varied history, religious, artistic, and political, it is not strange that so picturesque a country as Holland should find many interpreters. The painters have given their own version of what the country was and is. De Amicis, the cosmopolitan Italian, has pictured "Holland and Its People" in a delightful book which is an acknowledged classic. Meldrum, an Englishman, in his "Holland and the Hollanders" has made careful studies in Holland's present-day economic and political achievements, with much besides. Two little books by W. E. Griffis show by their titles a distinctly American point of view "Brave Little Holland and What She has Taught Us" and "The Pilgrims in Their Three Homes." To these Dr. Griffis has recently added "The American in Holland," in which the traveler sees this unique little country through eyes which are keen to discern the far-reaching political and religious significance of Holland's past struggles. The author possesses also that historic sense which delights to discover and trace the relation between men and events seemingly remote from each other, and the book is full of such allusions, bringing to light many very interesting and important connections between Holland and this country hitherto unrecognized by the average American. The book contains a graphic account of the Queen's coronation and some excellent illustrations. A particularly good map of Holland is also included.

THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE. Charles Rann Kennedy. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pp. 152. \$1.25.

The dramatic portrayals of Biblical history were among the most important methods utilized by the Church of the Middle Ages to make vivid to young and old the truths of the spiritual life. The period of twilight which fell upon the drama during the period of moral decadence, out of which sprang the Puritan revolt against the theater, robbed the Church for a time of its birthright. Happily

in these days the drama is slowly coming into its own. The profound impression made by "Everyman" suggested new possibilities for the theater. Sculptor and painter have for centuries sought to portray the Christ as he expressed the spirit of their age. Poets and novelists have in recent years felt the subtle attraction of the subject, and it is not strange that the modern dramatist has come under its spell.

"The Servant in the House" has been presented on the modern stage to many thousands of people who have seen and interpreted it for themselves. The author wrote it as a man writes who feels that he has a message. The actors presented it in the same spirit. But there is a still greater audience out of reach of the theater who may find inspiration in the play, which does not need a stage setting nor visible actors to make its appeal to the imagination. Indeed, there are those who feel that for them it reaches a higher level when the imagination has full play without reference to the material stage. The characters are strongly individual and the author's ability to infuse into the personality of "Manson" a certain mysterious and irresistible quality is proof of power. One is reminded of the human and tender yet uncompromising angel in Watts' great picture, "Love and Death." The play might be read in many a pulpit as a Sunday evening message for the new year. A more reverent or impressive service could not be desired.

THE PAINTERS SERIES: THE MASTERPIECES OF REMBRANDT. Sixty reproductions in halftone, 3x4 in. F. A. Stokes Company, New York. Parchment covers. 25 cents.

The advice once given by a music teacher to a pupil, "read omnivorously" might well be translated for the student of art into "look omnivorously." The power of appreciation of a great artist gained from the careful study of a single masterpiece is greatly enhanced by the study of a considerable number of his pictures, even though all of them may not reach the same high level. By this means one learns to recognize the artist's own distinctive traits as they express themselves in his varied moods. Hampered as the student of the works of a great painter may be, by his inability to see the originals, he can in spite of the absence of color gain some idea of the spirit of the artist through the study of worthy reproductions. "The Painters' Series" is commended to students, for it brings together in convenient form some sixty excellent halftones of the works of a single great artist. These form what is practically a small portfolio which may be carried in one's pocket and studied at leisure. The covers are lightweight parchment and the pictures are not encumbered with text. The man who hasn't money to go to Europe, nor time to visit a picture gallery may carry his own little picture gallery with him and open to him-

self unexpected sources of enjoyment. Already a dozen of these little booklets have been published, Rembrandt and Hals among others.

THE STANDARD GALLERIES: HOLLAND. By Esther Singleton. A. C. McClurg & Company: Chicago. 1908. 284 pp. 40 illustrations. \$1. Post. .08.

Forty-six well-chosen illustrations are naturally the feature which first attracts one to this convenient little guide-book. The pictures are typical of the art life of Holland. Many of them have been selected from the less well-known examples of Dutch art because, as the writer explains, there are many pictures in the Dutch galleries whose beauty appeals to the visitor, but which are less accessible than the famous works made familiar by the numerous reproductions. The book aims to help the ordinary layman not well versed in art criticism to enjoy the great galleries in Holland. It furnishes in convenient form just the material necessary to answer the questions which every intelligent visitor to a picture gallery instinctively asks. Facts about the artist, incidents which relate to the picture, to the times when it was painted, and brief comments by famous critics make the book thoroughly readable and informing. It is an admirable companion whether one is an actual tourist or a returned traveler who wants to recall his impressions of the Dutch galleries, or merely an art lover who hopes some day to take the trip to Holland.

A HAPPY HALF CENTURY and other essays. By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1908. \$1.10 net.

This is a volume of essays in Miss Repplier's usual charming style. A partial list of titles will in itself indicate the nature of the book: "When Lalla Rookh Was Young," "On the Slopes of Parnassus," "The Literary Lady," "The Child," "The Accursed Annual," "Our Accomplished Great-Grandmother," etc. Miss Repplier confesses that she would have preferred to live in the earlier days of the nineteenth century; that is, as a professional writer the rewards for a woman's pen would at that time have been the most satisfying. Miss Repplier has resurrected many of these long-since-forgotten idols of the novel-reading young person. The modern reader is distinctly thankful to Miss Repplier for going over the perished masterpieces of these charmers in his place. It is very amusing to read our essayist's comments upon literary styles which are now as obsolete as the hoopskirt; but it must be a distinct bore to sift the few grains of amusement from the dreary mass of dullness. Equally interesting are Miss Repplier's comments on the minor poets of the early nineteenth century, a period in which any subject was regarded as fit material for didactic poems of intolerable length. Many of the gems of these now forgotten poets

have been culled by Miss Repplier and live again in her pages. Indeed, a few of them are so good that they should never pass even into temporary oblivion. Certainly that line of Dr. Grainger's poem entitled "Sugar Cane" deserves to live:

"Now Muse, let's sing of rats!"

FIRST AND LAST THINGS. By H. G. Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

The position which Mr. Wells has already attained in the world of thought makes every new book from his pen of far more than ordinary interest. In his last book Mr. Wells follows out a new line. The volume "First and Last Things" is a frank statement of the author's fundamental belief on all matters of importance,—morality, religion, marriage, etc. The book has an interesting origin in that it arose from personal confessions made by a group of thinking persons, of whom Mr. Wells was one. Mr. Wells found that his views on many important topics required such elaborate statement that nothing short of a book could do justice to them. Although a statement of personal beliefs, "First and Last Things" is very far from being of the autobiographical sort which we might expect. There is nothing in it of the confessional nature except in so far as confession explains belief. Mr. Wells declines to take the public into his confidence concerning his own conduct as an illustration of his views, and this is very rightly the case.

The most interesting parts of Mr. Wells' philosophy relate to social morality, which, as might be expected, Mr. Wells finds expressed in the ideals of socialism; in the denial of belief in individual immortality; and in a broad standard of judgment for the conduct of others. Many readers will not agree with Mr. Wells on many fundamental points. He will seem to them too kind a judge upon matters which they regard as of most fundamental importance. Yet it is only fair to apply to his belief the toleration which he accords the beliefs of others. We have to thank Mr. Wells for his frankness in discussing without hypocritical reserve subjects of which most of us are afraid to speak openly. The frankness of the revelation, the clearness and fluency of his statement, and the tolerant spirit of the writer as revealed in his book, make "First and Last Things" one of the most valuable books that Mr. Wells has yet given us.

LEAF AND TENDRIL. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1908.

Mr. Burroughs is always interesting by reason of his close and careful observation of nature and his simple and attractive way of presenting what he sees. This volume of essays forms, therefore, a welcome continuation of an already attractive series. With some of the more controversial positions of the book, however,

many a reader will take issue. The essay upon "Animal and Plant Intelligence" seeks to disprove all theories which would attribute to animals any of the reasoning powers which are on the plane of human reasoning. Mr Burroughs attempts to prove his point that all animal action can be explained by reflex action alone, by recourse to many incidents which have come under his observation. That instances of animal intelligence which have come within the observation of other naturalists may not be so easily explicable by a narrow theory of reflex action is the suspicion which many readers will entertain.

The essay, "Gay Plumes and Dull," which seeks to disprove in part Darwin's theory of protective coloring in animals is far more convincing, the many exceptions to such a theory being noted and instances apparently supporting the theory explained on other grounds. Particularly interesting also is Mr. Burrough's contention that brilliant coloring in male birds is not to attract the female bird, but is merely a manifestation of what Mr. Burroughs terms "the riot of the male principle" that runs through nature.

APOLLO, AN ILLUSTRATED MANUAL OF THE HISTORY OF ART THROUGHOUT THE AGES. By Solomon Reinach. Scribner's: New York. 1908. Pp. 338. Illustrations, 600. \$1.50 net.

The study of the history of art has been greatly enriched in recent years through the science of archaeology and the researches of the newer art criticism. For this reason there has been great need for a compact one-volume history of art which should take account of the latest conclusions of scholars. Happily this need was met two years ago by the admirable work of Solomon Reinach, entitled "The Story of Art throughout the Ages." A new edition, revised by the author has now been issued under its original title, "Apollo," used in the French editions. The author is a member of the Institute of France, his name, in spite of its German form, being pronounced Reynach. His ability has long been recognized by scholars who have welcomed this book as an important contribution to the study of art. The opening chapters at once captivate the reader. Recent researches have carried our knowledge of primitive man far back into the milleniums before Christ and traces of surprising artistic developments have been discovered in races about whom our knowledge is most meagre. From these misty beginnings the "story" is traced on down through the ages. Nor is it, as one might suppose, little more than a bare chronicle. The author is master of a remarkably compact style, and his narrative is interspersed with critical comments of the most illuminating character. The book combines the qualities of a popular history with scientific accuracy in a very unusual degree. It is copiously illustrated with small but admirably executed halftones, and its com-

pact form makes it a convenient guide book for the traveler or art student.

THE ART OF THE NETHERLAND GALLERIES. David C. Poyer 380 pp. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1908. \$2.00 net.

As supplementary reading on Dutch Art, Chautauquans will be both entertained and delighted by the contents of this book. The author, who was formerly editor of *The Collector and Art Critic*, understands those details regarding painters and their work which people want to know by way of learning to appreciate. He speaks from observation and authority sufficient to guide the actual traveler to the best in the collections in Holland; his discussion is, moreover, unstilted, enthusiastic, and suggestive to those who take their art-travel by means of the mind's eye. There are forty-eight reproductions of paintings in the volume. Some sixty pages are devoted to the great list of nineteenth century painters and the prediction is made that in the emulation of the Dutch spirit—nothing else—we see the time approaching when the American school will out-strip its pattern. Incidentally we note the pertinent criticism of the new hanging of "The Night Watch" in a single room of the Ryks Museum instead of at the end of a long vista which formerly delighted every visitor. Discussing the title of this masterpiece Mr. Poyer says:

"It is not only possible, but most probable that the popular title, 'The Night Watch,' for short, was given to the painting from the beginning, and that for the following reason: In Holland the military division of watches in garrison towns, even to this day, makes the Night Watch, to man the various posts at the city gates and barracks, commence at five o'clock in the afternoon. To reach the gates from the Doelen, in the center of the city, would require the preparation for marching to be made at four. Now we notice that the shadow cast by the Captain's hand is at an angle of 45 degrees. This indicates the height of the sun in summer in Holland at four o'clock in the afternoon, as the sun does not set before eight o'clock. This Company, therefore, comes down the steps of the Doelen, as the Night Watch, to march out to relieve the Day Watch, and later, after midnight, they will be relieved by the Morning Watch."

AS OTHERS SEE US. A Study of Progress in the United States.
John Graham Brooks. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$. 365 pp. \$1.75. New York:
The Macmillan Company. 1908.

Readers of **THE CHAUTAUQUAN** for the American Year do not need to be reminded of the unusual quality of Mr. John Graham Brooks' studies which were published in this magazine. He opened an entirely new field to Americans, even those who are reasonably

familiar with writings on American institutions, making us see ourselves in a way calculated to do us good, entertaining us delightfully the while. It was gratifying to note that *The Dial* said of these CHAUTAUQUAN articles: "NO other of our current magazines is at present doing anything quite so interesting as this; the special merits of the work being its candor, its willingness to accept legitimate criticism without resentment, and its broadly philosophical outlook." Their publication in book form will bring further deserved public attention to this decidedly unique and valuable piece of work. The text makes 346 pages, increased to 365 by bibliography and useful index. We repeat the chapter titles which suggest the striking character of the book: The Problem Opened; Concerning our Critics; Who is the American?; Our Talent for Bragging; Some Other Peculiarities; American Sensitiveness; The Mother Country as Critic; Change of Tone in Foreign Criticism; Higher Criticism; Our French Visitors; Democracy and Manners; Our Monopoly of Wit; Our Greatest Critic; A Philosopher as Mediator; A Socialist Critic; Signs of Progress.

JOHN KEATS, a biography. By Albert Elmer Hancock. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1908. \$2 net.

All lovers of Keats must express their indebtedness to Mr. Hancock for this new life of the poet. Former biographies have pained those admirers of Keats who have felt that overemphasis upon his sensitiveness, his supposed lack of manliness, and his sensuousness have destroyed the truth of a character which was essentially manly. Mr. Hancock shows that Keats was no weakling and was indeed remarkably masculine, bearing more than the usual allotment of the ills of this life with courage and sweetness. Not the least interesting portion of the work is the tracing of the growth of the poet's philosophy of art which in his case was synonymous with a philosophy of life,—the philosophy which finds its most perfect expression in the concluding lines of the "Ode to a Grecian Urn":—"Beauty is truth, truth, beauty."

No lover of Keats will dispute the final judgment which the biographer passes upon the poet. Speculation as to what Keats might have been had he lived is he asserts entirely needless, inasmuch as the poet's philosophy, despite his extreme youth at the time of his death, received almost faultless expression in the best of his poems. From these we are able to judge the scope of his probable contribution to literature had he been granted more years. This scope could never have been that of a Shakespeare or a Goethe, for Keats had not the wide view of life of those poets. His forte lay in an intensely emotional expression of the feeling for beauty and in this expression he achieved excellences of poetic style which rank him with the greatest of English poets.

Mr. Hancock's biography is rather impressionistic in style and makes very interesting reading. One is grateful to the author for what he does not say. The rapidity of his style, indeed, compensates for greater fullness of comment, a fullness which the reader is perfectly confident the biographer was prepared to give had he deemed it necessary. The book is handsomely gotten out and is well illustrated with a number of excellent pictures, the frontispiece being a photogravure of the original painting of Keats in Williams College made by Joseph Severn, the friend of the poet.

PARK-STREET PAPERS. By Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1908. Pp. 277. \$1.25.

Mr. Perry's genial and meditative work has been made familiar within the last few years, not only through his books of recent publication, but through his printed work in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The ten papers in the present volume fall under two heads; five of them, under the general title of "Atlantic Prologues," are reprinted from the short addresses with which the January numbers of the magazine have been introduced; four are concerning eminent New England men of letters, about whom Mr. Perry's utterances have been made timely, either as Centenary Papers, or as commemorative of their deaths. The last, upon F. H. Underwood, "The Editor Who Was Never the Editor," has to do with the early history of the *Atlantic*. The book, as a whole, breathes the atmosphere of No. 4 Park Street, and has as distinct an Old New England flavor as has the graceful design on its title-page.

RACE QUESTIONS, PROVINCIALISM AND OTHER AMERICAN PROBLEMS. By Josiah Royce. New York: The MacMillan Company. 1908. Pp. 287. \$1.50.

Thoughtful people have come to acknowledge that any questions discussed by Professor Royce on philosophy and life are well worth their attention. The five essays in this book were all read before college or other educational organizations at some time between 1898 and the present year. They are carefully wrought and well balanced, while at the same time they are individual and progressive. Professor Royce's work is like his utterance and his literary style, undemonstrative, substantial, but personally attractive. The five essays are on the following topics: (1) Race Questions and Prejudices; (2) Provincialism; (3) On Certain Limitations of the Thoughtful Public in America; (4) The Pacific Coast, A Psychological Study of the Relations of Climate and Civilization; (5) Some Relations of Physical Training to the present problem of Moral Education in America.

